NEXT WEEK: "WAR OF THE AIRSHIPS; OR, BLOCKING JAPAN'S INVASION." A THRILLING AND WONDERFUL STORY. READ IT FOR IT IS A CORKER.

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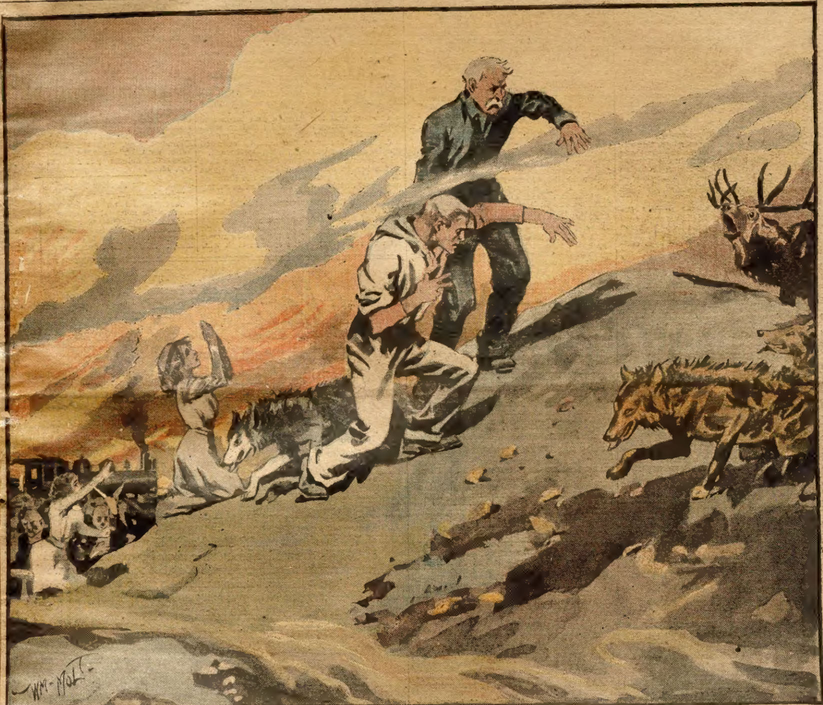

THE SEA OF FIRE

By Alvah Milton Kerr

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POP BLAKE, the engineer, observed it first, not long after midnight—a faint, bloody foam of color creeping up the northern sky. The fireman, busily feeding the furnace of "1006," did not notice it until wo or three o'clock. Then, stripping the erspiration from his hot, bare arms, he ame into the gangway of the swaying en-ine and looked up. He at once pulled out is watch and turned the face of it against e light of a lantern that stood on the floor the tank.

"Not time for day yet," he grunted; "be-des, that's in the wrong spot. Must be orthern lights. Say, Pop, them's fine, ain't ey?" he shouted.

Blake glanced toward the north, nodded s grizzled head, then turned his eyes ain to the great wedge of light rushing to the darkness along the rails ahead of e engine.

North and south spread infinite wastes of plain—vague, formless, void; overhead hung a sky like a canopy of dark blue velvet lifted on a million golden spear-points. Westward, eighty miles away, the tops of the Rockies notched the low-hanging fringe of stars with gaps of black.

A hot August wind was blowing, and as the big "1006" rushed along the rails, hurrying the Pacific Express toward the far-distant sea, the warm air purred in Blake's ears like a tiger's breath. He looked back along the train, glanced at the strange and ever-changing lights and colors painted on the northern Heaven, then pulled the throttle a notch wider.

"If that's the reflection of a prairie fire we may all be cinders before we reach the mountains," he muttered in his blowing beard.

The train was a sort of sleeping procession. In the three Pullmans all was curtained, dim, and quiet. Even the black porters slept. Silence reigned in the emigrant cars, and in the seats of the day coach and smoker, nodding, crumpled, and looking unlovely and deformed, passengers drooped, or lay breathing heavily. The brakeman and conductor sat down at every opportunity, keeping awake with difficulty; the "peanutter," ensconced among his trumpery in the forward end of the smoker, lay relaxed and dreaming.

Two men on the train, however, were wide awake. They sat exactly opposite each other in the smoking car, one by a north window and the other by a south window. Their grim, pale faces were half turned toward each other. Without looking directly, each saw the other and narrowly noted his every movement, almost his every breath. One had brown eyes, the other gray; both were of middle life, and both looked forceful, nervous, and used to struggling with nature and men. Each kept his right hand down by his side, holding fast the butt of a pistol. The same thought was in each man's mind, and it was this:

"Shall I kill him here and now, or wait until we get to the mountains? Why not now? I shouldn't care to escape—I'd face the result—death, or whatever else might come—he'd have got his just deserts, anyway!"

All the steps, secret and open, of their trouble rankled in each man's consciousness, a bitter hatred and anger that seemed eating into the heart of each like an acid.

"He had no right, moral or legal, to cut that ditch through the sag, an' turn the whole creek down his valley, leavin' my ranch dry, an' ruinin' me," was the fierce thought in the brain of the brown-eyed man. "I took up my land first, and the natural course of the stream was down my valley. I beat him in the lower court, an' now when I'm dead broke an' can't raise money to fight him, he's appealed the case to the Supreme Court! My wife an' babies are just as dear to me as his are to him. I'd never had to send mine East to mother's if he'd let the water run where it belongs.

I got on this train to go out to the mines to see if I c'd raise some money by workin', an' here he is followin' me! I swore I'd shoot him on sight—an' I will before daylight comes."

In the bosom of the gray-eyed man sharp teeth seemed gnawing. The pain of it set a glittering light in his eyes. He moistened his dry lips, and his brown, toil-calloused fingers tightened about the butt of his pistol.

"Everythin' I've got in the world is in that ranch of mine," he brooded, "an' if he's goin' to turn the water back into the old channel, I'm ruined—that's all. I'd never took up the land an' improved it if I hadn't seen that the creek used to run through the sag an' down my way a long time ago. The natural bed of the stream is down that way; besides, I'm not lookin' out for strangers over in another valley. How I'm goin' to carry the case through the Supreme Court I don't know; maybe I can raise some money workin' out in the mines. I wanted to get away so I wouldn't have to kill him, an' here he is followin' me! He's said enough an' done enough to me; the world ain't big enough for both of us; that's all. He's got to get out of it—an' he will before sun-up."

Thus they sat nursing their poison, the flames of murder burning in each man's blood. The faces of both were haggard from worry and sleepless nights of secret cursing and hating. In natural composition they were much as other men, but many months of anger and mental turmoil had burned a hard, drawn, half-ferocious expression in the aspect of each.

They had boarded the train after midnight at a little station in the midst of that lifted zone of plain which swept along the base of the Rocky Mountains for hundreds of miles. About them men sprawled and snored, sodden and inert, unconscious of the wakeful horror that brooded in their midst.

Ahead, in the cab window of the "1006," Pop Blake leaned out, swaying with the rock and roll of the huge machine. Every few moments he looked toward that growing conflagration of color in the northern sky, then turned his eyes hungrily toward the distant mountains. Back and forth between the coal-pile and the furnace door of the engine dipped Briggs, the fireman, grimy with dust and oil, and went with sweat.

Now and then he glanced toward the north, and once he stood still through several seconds, earnestly regarding the marvelous lights and tangled ribbons of color shifting and beating up into the blue concave of the sky.

The world seemed on fire. He stripped the perspiration from his brow with a bent forefinger and looked toward Blake.

"Can we make it, Pop?" he shouted.

The old engineer did not turn his face. Like gray iron, it was set straight ahead.

"I don't know, Jim. Keep hot hell under her," was all he said.

His lips shut tight and worked involuntarily in his beard, and he opened the throttle wider. Briggs began feverishly pounding coal and shoveling it into the firebox.

It was now nearly four in the morning, and a faint gray began to creep upon that open, lifted land. Northeast, north, and northwest the heavens looked to be on fire. Straight overhead the sky turned faintly pink. A half-hour later the vast bulk of the rounded world came heaving upward out of the gloom like the yellowish back of some mighty monster lifting from the sea. Dawn was breaking in the east.

Blake did not need to turn to see it. Thin patches of rose on the mountain tops told him the sun was peeping over the earth's rim eastward. The region was no more than wide-spreading solitude, a faintly undulating sea of gray sage-brush and lakes of matted grass, shoreless everywhere save for the vast ring of the horizon-line and the purpling bank of mountains in the west.

In that early day, for more than a hundred miles, only section houses, an occasional solitary depot, and water-tanks graced the track that threaded the arid region. Heavy winter snows and spring rains had brought an unusual growth of verdure, which, with the advent of the dry season, had fallen dead, making the world a table of luxury for fire.

Blake ran his eye out over the limitless reaches of tinder, and his lips tightened. The division station, just within the mouth of the first mountain canon, was nearly fifty miles away. It was all slightly upgrade. The train pulled like lead.

Back in the smoker the brown-eyed man and he of the gray, still sat, tense and pale.

Weary, nodding, dreaming, not a man on the train, from the front mail car to the red hind-lights, saw the crimson glare and rolling tousle of smoke-clots and flame-tips stretching across the north. Several miles wide, and burning over 28,000 square miles of prairie before it ceased, that ocean of flames came surging southward.

In the terrible glory and grandeur of it the dawn was swallowed up and lost.

"Stunty" Steele, the "peanutter," was the first person rearward from the engine who saw it. His freckled face whitened, a speck of something like fire swam suddenly into the center of each of his eyes, and he leaped up and rushed through the smoker and into the day coach. The conductor was lolling by a south window, his cheek on his hand, his eyes half closed. A brakeman lay back in a seat near by, cap off, open-mouthed, snoring. "Stunty" lunged at the conductor.

"Bob! For heaven's sake, look at that!" he panted.

Bob Loomis got to his feet in sudden wakefulness. "What is it, 'Stunty'?" he asked quickly.

The boy almost dragged him over to the north window. "There—look at that!" he half whispered.

Loomis fetched a gasp from the thrill that ran through him. "It's come!" he cried. "The fire-break burners are a hundred miles east of us—we're trapped!"

He wheeled around and started toward the rear of the train, then turned and hurried toward the front. As he passed the two rigid watchers in the smoker, the hard glitter of their stare did not waver nor relax.

Three minutes later Loomis came clambering over the rear end of the tender and stumbled down through the loose coal to the boiler head. "Stunty" was at his heels.

Briggs was working like a demon. Into the white disk of the furnace door he was plunging a long iron rod, stirring the seething mass within. He turned a pair of red eyes to Loomis' face for an instant, blew the dripping sweat from his mustache, and went on stoking with all his might.

"Can we get to the mountains, Pop?" cried Loomis through the clamor.

Blake's gray face came around with a jerk. "Hullo, Bob! No—well, no; we can't make it. The wind's from the north, an' the fire's comin' like a race horse. I'm runnin' her wide open, an' Briggs is fairly meltin' her crown-sheet, but them cars pull back like a string of dead elephants. We're makin' 'bout forty miles an hour, but we'd have t' make a hundred t' run past the fire. D'ye see there in the northwest—it bends down to'ards the track; it'll strike the rails first 'bout twenty miles ahead, I judge."

Both men looked steadily for a moment at the distant billow of fire, a vast crescent of lashing flames stretching east and west from horizon to horizon. It was a sight to set quaking the coldest heart that ever beat. Awe was blent with a reflection of terrible trouble in their faces.

Briggs dashed half a pail of water on his reeking neck and breast and went on steadily dipping back and forth. Blake glanced at the water-gauge.

"We've got t' take water at the Shunt tank; that's 'bout six miles ahead!" he shouted, his lips not two feet from Loomis' head. "If we didn't have t' make that stop there'd be one chance in a hundred, mebby, that we'd run past the fire. But we've got t' have water."

"Stunty" came out of the gangway and scrambled toward Blake's ear. His face was eager and flushed with light.

"Why don't you stop at Bald Head, Pop?" he yelled; "that hill of gravel and alkali beyond Shunt's tank, you know. If the passengers c'd get on that they'd be all right."

Loomis' blue eyes fell to "Stunty's" freckled face, and suddenly he caught the boy against him and hugged him.

"Good boy!" said Blake, with emphasis. "Mebby we can make the hill; it's just about eighteen miles from here. I've got a wedge in the engine-pop—I made up my mind t' take the train through or blow up the machine. Briggs don't know the safety-valve's wedged; keep mum."

He glanced toward the toiling fireman. "The passengers are on," he added, glancing back along the string of cars.

More than a hundred human heads dotted the north side of the long train. The features of the two ranchmen were not among them; they still kept to their watch.

Loomis looked at the steam-indicator. The blue steel needle trembled toward the danger point. "Keep 'er there, Jim!" he cried.

He went back over the tender into the coaches and began trying to abate the panic that raged among the passengers. "Stunty" planted himself in the gangway of the engine and watched the oncoming wall of flames.

Terrible beyond description it came, the charge, as it might be, of a hundred thousand angels of death on shining horses, with tossing manes of flame and the gleam and leap of ten thousand swords in flashing tangle above them. Up in the air the smoke, as of battle, shot in wavering spires or streamed forward over the wallowing under-billow in gigantic puffs of darkness. Every substance and form of life fell and turned to flame and ashes before it.

The train was sweeping along the rails; every ounce of power that lay in the great "1006" was going into her whirling drivers. Blake held the throttle wide, and Briggs was working madly.

At last they thundered up to Shunt's tank and stopped. Briggs was on the tender, with the cover off the intake. When the nozzle was in the opening Briggs snatched the down-dangling lever rope and pulled. There was a quick gush of water, then something snapped in the watertank, the lever at the top of the great tub flew up in the air and the flow ceased.

The perpendicular lever had pulled loose from the valve-lip in the tank! The valve was closed by the weight of fifteen feet of water! A cry went back through the train that no water could be got into the engine; that she was ready to explode for want of it.

Men came wildly swarming forward.

But almost instantly some one was going up the side of the tank like a wildcat. It was "Peanutter" Steele, whose wiles and wares the passengers had vainly tried to escape and despise. When he reached the top he did not wait a moment, but threw the cover from the manhole, and, taking a full breath, plunged headlong into the black water below.

There was a thunder of fluid on his eardrums, a sense of stifling pressure, then he was on the slimy bottom feeling for the valve. His clutching fingers fell first upon a pipe, and holding fast to that he found the valve-lip and lifted it.

The water drove in about his hands and sucked the lid down; he tore it open again and braced himself. If he could only break the lip from its hinges and let the water run! But the weight of fluid upon the valve, and the strength of the hinges, defeated his efforts. He must hold it open—how long?

He was suffocating. Despite his will, the poisonous air burst out from his lungs and the water rushed in at his lips.

Still he clung to the valve and held it back. He was filled with pain and blackness and gurgling, but would not let go. Then suddenly he was dimly dreaming, the valve closed with a snap, his feet and body lifted upward, his clenched fingers slipped from the wood, and he shot to the surface.

Loomis was leaning down into the manhole, and grabbed the limp boy and drew him up. A moment later the conductor came down the tank-ladder with "Stunty" hanging over his shoulder like a dripping rag.

Many hushed their wild chatter and their screaming at sight of that senseless form. The two whose dominant intent was murder stood by, in the face of imminent death and the mad excitement of the hour, still watchful, malignant. But that vision on the ladder disturbed them. The hand of each man slowly unclasped from its pistol-butt, came out of pocket, and dropped nerveless.

"Get aboard, everybody!" roared Loomis.

The two ranchmen came last. They moved like men in a dream. With a double blast of her whistle the throttle of the "1006" came wide; she seemed to rise from the track and plunge, and in a moment the train was rushing toward the mountains.

"Stunty" lay on the floor of the baggage-car by the open door. Loomis, on his knees, was tenderly rolling and pressing the boy's thin body. The glare from the nearing billows of fire came in through the door and lit up the lad's swollen features and the conductor's pale face. The man did not look up; the boy was as one gone out of life. A brakeman came to Loomis' side.

"Get everybody and their traps out of the rear three cars, Bill; hustle them into the cars ahead, then cut off the empties," said the conductor, as he worked. "Do as I say—let the cars burn!"

Five minutes later three empty coaches parted from the train, swung back, and the "1006" set a wilder pace.

Ten miles to go now; the wall of fire seemed not a half-mile distant when the train whirled around a long curve and stopped just south of Bald Head Hill.

Blake set the injectors working and clambered out on the footboard of the engine and pulled the wedge from the safety-valve. Briggs jumped down and reeled toward the hill like a drunken man. Blake caught him by the arm and helped him forward. With feet spurred by terror, men, women, and children hurried up the gravelly, ashen slope to the hill's white crest.

After them, the last man to quit the train, came Loomis, with "Stunty" in his arms.

Then burst the supreme vision. From out the northern region came animals running—wolves, coyotes, rabbits, deer, wild horses, a she-bear and her cubs, a bull bison and his female mates, all panting and as wild-eyed as the cluster of human beings on the hill. Harmless from terror, they crowded up the slope and stood gazing northward.

No creature thought of danger save that which lay in the roaring sea of fire about them. Wolves pressed against the limbs of men, and antelope and bear stood cowering together.

At length the monster passed; light broke over the hill; away toward the south the billow of fire swept on, tossing its banners of smoke and flame. Men looked at each other with something in their faces never seen there before; in the eyes of each wild beast lay a daunted, subdued look; fo hour, all savagery was dead.

A cry came up that the "1006" was "a right," and that Blake was going afte help. Loomis stopped halfway down the hill; "Stunty's" head turned on his shoulder. The boy's eyes opened, startled, strange.

"It's gone by; everybody's safe," said the big conductor assuringly.

"Stunty" gazed around at the blackened world a moment, looked down at the concourse of passengers, then suddenly hid his face against Loomis' neck and cried.

The two who would have killed, he of the gray eyes and he of the brown, looked at each other a little space; then, as if bidden by the same thought, flung their pistols far down among the ashes of the brush and struck their right hands together in a fervid clasp.

"There's water enough for both of us in the creek. I'm ready to dismiss the suit," said the gray-eyed man.

"Yes, there's plenty for us both. Let's go back and divide it," said the other, and talking together, they passed slowly down the hill.

This story is from the pen of the author of two books of railroad stories that we heartily recommend to Ledger readers. One of the books is "The Diamond Key, and the Railroad Heroes Who Won It." The other book is "Young Heroes of Wire and Rail." These books recount many thrilling and extraordinary acts of heroism by telegraph operators and train dispatchers and engineers and conductors. If you like to read exciting railroad stories you ought to send for both of these splendid books. They are beautifully bound and finely illustrated, and each book contains nearly 400 pages of matter that will make you sit up and take notice. If you wish to make a birthday present to any one, or would like yourself to be wonderfully entertained, you should send for one or both of these books. "Young Heroes of Wire and Rail" is $1.00. "The Diamond Key, and the Railroad Heroes Who Won It," is $1.00. Address Lee & Shepard, Publishers, 93 Federal street, Boston, Mass.

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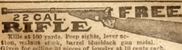

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The Black Phantom;

OR, MARK ASHTON'S REVENGE

By Ella Martin

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CHAPTER XII.

THE ATTACK ON THE WAGONS.

"WHAT is he like?" Wenona asked, wondering, no doubt, if he were big and powerful like Big Wolf.

"Oh, tall and strong and brave. And he understands how to get people through the Indian country."

Wenona raised herself on her elbow and gazed eagerly at the white maiden.

"How old? Old enough to be Wenona's father?"

Evidently the captive was looking for the possibility of finding her long-lost father in any man who roamed the plains or hunted the Indians.

"About forty, I should judge. Would your father be older than that?"

"Some older, me think."

"But the scout was never married, that any one knows of, though he has been through this country many times. It is more apt to be the hermit who is your father; for he has remained here for the most part, has he not?"

"Me think so."

"Any way, the guide can find him, if he's to be found," Bessie said encouragingly. "He knows everybody on the plains, and will search, when we tell him."

There was silence after this, both girls feeling the need of rest and sleep, for they knew not what awaited them on the morrow.

And there, behind the waterfall, in the heart of the mountain, the two girls slept, free from all harm. An unique retreat, surely, safety in the midst of danger; for, led by Big Wolf, a score of savages had searched the woods, and had been in sight of the waterfall. But haying a superstitious fear of the place, none had been near the fall itself. Nothing would have been discovered had they done so, for Wenona had never approached the mouth of the cave with a torch since that time so long ago, when she had felt herself so nearly discovered. Though she had learned later that the light shining on the water behind the fall, which penetrated it enough for the red men to see and recognize it as such, was a protection against discovery, as they attributed it to some supernatural power.

The two slept soundly, feeling their security as they did, and did not awaken till the fire died down, and the chill of the cave aroused them. Wenona replenished the fire, and they fell asleep again. Bessie could not have told when the morning dawned, there in the darkness of the cavern behind the falls; but the Indian girl divined it in some way and awoke her companion. Together they went to the mouth of the cave, and there could see that the day had come. Although the sheet of water continually falling over the rock above them was a dark wall that shut out the light, yet there was difference enough to tell night from day.

They went back and ate their simple breakfast, and then sat down to plan.

"We cannot go out at all today, Wenona?" Bessie said questioningly. "It would not be safe. The Indians will still be looking for us, I suppose. My people will be looking, too, and will never leave this vicinity till they find me. And they are in danger while they wait. What shall we do, Wenona? You know best."

"If me could find scout, all would be well," Wenona said. "You tell Indian girl how great, white chief look."

There was an eagerness in the tone. Bessie had noticed from the first that the girl had a curiosity concerning the scout the moment she mentioned him. Did she still hope to find that this white man of the plains was her father? Bessie wondered.

"Father would be scout," said Wenona. "He would hunt Indians, kill all he could. He would live on the plains, hunting for papoose. All the time hunt."

"That is the way you feel he would be likely to do, the way he ought to live. But remember, Wenona, he believes you dead; thinks that you perished with your mother. If he had not thought so, he would surely have found you before this time. You know you told me he thought so, and that he is killing Indians in revenge for yours and your mother's death. You thought it was the hermit then. And it must be, as revenge for some wrong seems to be his only object of living here and killing redskins whenever he can. Hal never kills except in self-defense; or in order to protect white people. All the different tribes along this route are hostile to the whites, I am told. Do they fight one another, also?"

"Yes; all fight. Only when on warpath, though. But Hal, your scout, what color eyes?"

"Gray, I believe, Wenona." And Bessie described their guide as minutely as possible, to satisfy the other's curiosity. Then she went back to the subject that interested her most.

"What I am most afraid of is that the Indians will attack my friends while we are hiding here, and some of the emigrants, perhaps my parents, be killed. What are we to do, Wenona? What are we to do? You know best. Tell me!"

"Wenona must find Black Phantom, or hermit. White girl stay here."

"Not alone, Wenona! Not alone, surely!"

"Yes, me go alone. Wenona know forest, know how to evade Indians, how escape their eyes. White girl spoil everything."

"But just think," pleaded Bessie, "suppose something should happen to you. I could never leave this place. There would be no boat, and I could not manage it if there was. I would be left the same as locked in this cave, to starve like a rat in a hole, when the provisions have given out. If you never come back, if the Indians capture you, think what my fate would be. Oh! I dare not, I dare not be left helpless here!"

"If Indians get Wenona, she say she has been on track of white girl who got away. She say white folks help captive escape while Wenona after water, and she run quick to bring her back, but no find her."

"But they will watch you as they did before, and you could not get to me."

"Some day they not watch any more, then I come. Food last long. White girl stay till Wenona come."

"But what if they suspect all? What if they put you to death for your treachery to them in helping me escape?"

"Then Wenona tell everything, they come get you."

"Not to the Indians! No, never! Do not tell the Indians where to find me. I would rather perish and find my tomb in this cavern than fall into their hands again. No, if you cannot notify my friends, or some white person, keep the secret of my hiding place forever."

"Wenona hear."

There was nothing for Bessie to do but to remain where she was and trust to fate and Wenona to bring about her release. She knew as well as did Wenona that she would be a hindrance to the other's movements, and probably cause their detection. For what knew she of the red man's habits, and how to keep out of their power? Alone, the Indian girl might reconnoiter, and possibly skulk past the village of tepees, and waylay the Black Phantom, who always rode forth at dusk.

But imagine her feelings as she watched her companion's departure. She was being left behind with all possibility of escape cut off, her release, her very life, depending on the success of her departing comrade.

Wenona turned ere she stepped into the canoe and looked at Bessie. The latter broke down then, and clinging to this girl of the forest, she wept hysterically.

"Oh! if you never return! if you never return!" she cried, so that the words were heard above the noise of the falls.

"Wenona return," said the girl positively.

"I believe you will," Bessie cried, drying her eyes. "You are brave and clever. You will accomplish your object. I will be patient and wait, and pray for your safety for both of our sakes."

Wenona listened gravely. Then, with a dexterous movement of the paddle, she darted through the falling water, and Bessie Hill was left alone, shut out from all the world.

How long had she to wait?

While Bessie Hill and her dusky companion, the captive maid, were sleeping peacefully behind the fall, the attack on the movers took place. The men had had time to form a rude barricade, and to contrive a shelter for the women. They had followed out the scout's instructions, for every one of them relied on his judgment, and believed there would be an attack by the Indians before morning. After what had taken place they felt that a skirmish with the redskins could not be avoided.

If only all of their number were there, so that the scout could be with them to counsel and encourage them. But, as if they had not already enough to distract them, it was discovered that Hazel King was also missing; and they could not understand it. Her friends were wild with apprehension, and greatly puzzled; for it appeared that she had voluntarily left the party. But nothing could be done; for every man was needed to protect the camp, and it was worse than useless to try searching the country at random.

They could only hope that she would fall in with the scout, and that he would fetch her safely back to camp.

"If Hazel were only here she could help fight," said her youngest cousin, Martha King. There was a little of the King fighting blood in this young lady, but it had not yet occurred to her that she might fight as well as Hazel.

"Hazel isn't afraid of anything," said one of the smaller boys. "See how she fired on that Indian we had tied."

A smile went round at the "we" of his sentence; for this boy was not more than eight years old. But it was easy to see there was good stuff in him.

"She was too tender-hearted to kill him outright," Mrs. King reminded them.

"It would have been better if she had," her husband observed. "There would have been one less to fight us tonight."

"But she winged him, King," one of the men made answer. "He will not be of the attacking party tonight."

No, he would not be because Ben Sheldon had finished the job Hazel had begun. However, none of them were aware of that.

The party of emigrants ate their supper and then put out the fire. The women and children huddled together within the place of shelter hastily prepared for them by their husbands and sons. Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Sheldon could only clasp each other's hand and silently pray for their absent ones. While Hazel's aunt and cousins discussed in tearful whispers the probable fate of their relative.

"Hal must know what the Indians are up to, and will come to warn and aid us," they all agreed.

They little dreamed that the scout was at that very moment in the opposite direction out upon the prairie in pursuit of Hazel and the runaway pony, and knew no more what the Indians were planning than did the men who had never left the wagons. It were better, perhaps, they did not know, or what courage they had might have for-

(Continued on page six.)

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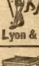

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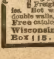

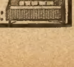

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Grace Lanyon's Betrayal;

OR, THE MAN WHO VANISHED.

By Weldon J. Cobb.

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE ENEMY'S STRONGHOLD.

IT WAS an hour after dusk, two evenings after the discovery of the imposture of the man now known as Cardona, in reality Elmer Vance, the recreant nephew of old Richard Moore, that Grace Lanyon stole, deeply veiled and unaccompanied, from the house of mystery.

Those two days had been fraught with much of importance and development as to the plans of Vassar and those under his roof—those forty-eight hours had brought about a marvelous change in the nature of Grace Lanyon.

No longer was she the timid, heart-crushed girl, wearily surveying a wreck of the past, gloomily regarding a bleak, sad future. She had misjudged her loyal lover. Now, at this discovery, when she had ceased to reproach herself as bitterly as at first, all the motives of her life were ennobled, were glorified with one strongly ruling resolve—to devote all of her life to finding her missing lover, to avenge him if the base-hearted Cardona had not killed him.

This, the impelling motive of her life, now ran current with the plans of Vassar. In fact, so deeply had she interested him in her story, that he assured her that this arch-schemer, Cardona, should not escape until he had revealed the fate of Shirley Moore.

They had discussed the situation for many hours. They had gone over its every detail time and again. It was certain that Cardona had never seen Grace. She could, therefore, freely cross his presence without awakening any suspicion, although she would have to do so under an assumed name, as by some circumstance he might have heard her true name mentioned.

It was only a question of on what pretence Grace should endeavor to get close to Cardona. Had he gone into society or sought the company of others, Vassar, through the influence of friends and money, might have sought to place Grace in his way through an introduction that he calculated might lead to a close acquaintanceship. If Cardona was impressible, the rare beauty of Grace might influence him to love. Once she had Cardona at her feet, what might she not discover of his secrets? It was a cruel, bitter ordeal to pass through. Grace was glad when Vassar abandoned the project. Another cue was, however, immediately adopted.

"It is apparent," Vassar informed her, "that Cardona is in hiding. He seems to be waiting for something to come about of importance to him. He remains under cover all day, and spends the night in gambling. He has taken the secluded house where we saw him two nights ago, and has two servants only. They are not particularly attached to him, as he rented the place furnished and the servants with it, they being in the employ of the former occupants. However, they are not inclined to discuss him. Evidently he pays them well, and they keep eyes and lips closed, and all efforts to learn something from them about him have failed on the part of my emissaries."

Then Vassar told Grace how he was planning to get her engaged as a servant in the house. Some way, in his investigations, he had learned that one of the servants had been inquiring as to a respectable woman whose services might be required at the place as a nurse.

"I am investigating this phase of the situation more closely," explained Vassar.

"Why should they want a nurse?" asked Grace in a puzzled sort of way.

"I cannot tell that as yet," responded Vassar. "However, you must hold yourself in momentary readiness for a move in the direction of entering the service of Cardona, for I feel sure I shall be able to encompass our designs in some way or other. When that comes to pass, you must assume something of a disguise."

After Vassar had left her, Grace found herself constantly thinking over the problem of the nurse required by Cardona. He was in perfect health himself. For whom could he require a nurse? Was some one hidden, secluded, in the house? Shirley? Ah! the thought, vague as it was, set the heart of Grace in a fervent flame.

She had arisen from a chair under the impetus of a strong restlessness, swayed, too, by an anxiety to urge forward affairs in the work that Vassar seemed consummating all too slowly.

An old housekeeper, whom Vassar had employed, was seated knitting in the sittingroom. Eva and Basil formed a pretty picture near together at a table, he painting a picture, his fair, delicate companion watching his every progress with rapt attention and interest.

Grace stole from the house. She veiled her face deeply. Then she started in the direction of the house where she had seen Cardona two evenings previous.

She had no definite idea in her mind as to her ultimate plans for the evening. Her restless anxiety to have some movement made looking toward the discovery of her missing lover, at least as to his fate, moved her to action. The central focus of all her thoughts was, of course, the man, Cardona, who held the secret of the whereabouts of Shirley Moore, as well as that of the lost crown of Avillo.

Grace soon reached the lonely house to which Vassar had previously led her. As on the evening when she had made the discovery of the real identity of the man she had all along mistaken for Shirley Moore, a light showed in a room at the side.

As on that evening, too, Grace cautiously parted the hedge, and gliding from bush to bush soon reached the vicinity of the window looking out from the lighted room that contained Cardona.

He was not seated in a chair on this occasion. He lay with closed eyes and apparently senseless across a couch. A decanter was tipped over on the floor, and near to it lay a shattered wine glass and a half-smoked cigar.

It was not difficult to reason out the situation. Cardona lay overcome by drink. Grace regarded the brutal face with a shudder of repugnance, wondering how she could ever have mistaken him for Shirley Moore.

She shrank close to the shelter of a bush, as an outside door, somewhere at the rear of the house, slammed shut, and approaching voices sounded on her hearing.

"No," came a response in masculine tones, "Master has the key. But no stranger ever comes near the house. He is in one of his stupid spells, and will never miss us. We will spend an hour or so at the show, and get back before midnight."

"Everything else in the house all right?" asked the woman.

"Oh, yes; come along."

Grace understood that these two servants of the place, the housekeeper and her husband, were stealing a few hours from duty. As soon as they had reached the street and were out of sight and hearing, she approached the house and went around to the rear.

Her heart was fluttering mightily, and she marvelled at her own audacity. Then she realized how much was at stake, how a strange, a wonderful opportunity had presented itself most favorable to all her plans.

"The house is practically deserted for some hours," she told herself. "The man, Cardona, is stupefied with drink. I have practically free range of the house. Surely, if Vassar were here, he would advise me to usefully employ the precious moments. Yes, I will dare all for the sake of Shirley, and will not hesitate."

Grace turned the knob of a rear door. It yielded at her touch. She stood in a narrow hallway. Opening another door, she stood in a kitchen room.

She paused to rally her disturbed nerves, to take breath, to plan for her further progress. Suddenly Grace started with a shock.

A blood-curdling scream rang out, clear and distinct, on the quiet air of the house.

CHAPTER XIV.

NORA.

The fearsome cry that held Grace in a momentary thrill of alarm was not repeated. She stood trembling and bewildered for som minutes. Then with great caution she started on her way.

The shriek had been human, there was no doubt of that. Grace was certain, too, that it had proceeded from some portion of the house in which she was an intruder. As she timorously pushed open a door and found herself on the threshold of the apartment which contained the man, Cardona, she wondered if it was not he, who in some drunken dream, had uttered the cry that had so alarmed her.

But Cardona lay just as she had noticed him from the outside through the window, He seemed too stupefied to move, and whatever the source of the shriek it had not apparently disturbed him.

For some moments Grace stood regarding the man whose dark deeds bore so vital an influence upon her destiny and that of the man she loved, whose cruel heart had wrought such disaster and ruin for the South American, Prince Zimene, and for his friends.

"Oh, Shirley!" she murmured in acute self-reproach, "how could I ever have mistaken this man for you?"

Grace grew bolder as the moments passed by. She had succeeded in invading the stronghold of the enemy. Practically this man in his helplessness was at her mercy. She advanced a step or two into the apartment.

A daring thought had come to Grace. Her eyes dilated and her heart beat fast, as there flashed through her mind the full realization that it was in her power to have Cardona in his present helpless plight removed to the house of mystery. Would such an acquisition be greeted with commendation by Vassar? Would it assist or impede their mutual plans?

Grace wondered if she could find some accommodating cabman, who, for a rich reward, would assist her in carrying out this project. She half-minded to pursue this plan, when a dull sound echoed from some other portion of the house. It sounded as though a chair had been tipped over or some object dropped from a table, to the floor.

"There is some one else in this house," she reflected. "I think I understand the mysterious question of the housekeeper as to everything being all right in the house. She doubtlessly referred to some one besides Cardona about the place—perhaps some prisoner. Oh, if it should be Shirley!"

The anxious and agitated Grace moved from the room into an adjoining apartment. A small hand lamp stood on a stand in this room. Grace took it up and proceeded on a cautious investigating tour.

She passed through several rooms. Grace was keenly disappointed, as, having gone over all the rooms, she discovered nobody. She was about to abandon her quest, when, in a little hall near a door, secured by a hook and staple, she noticed on a stand there a tray containing the remnants of a recent meal.

Grace opened this door, to observe a pair of stairs leading upwards. These she ascended, lamp in hand. She reached a landing to discover that there was an upper half-story to the house not observable from the outside. She came abruptly to a door which seemed to be the entrance to the one room the attic contained.

"This is strange—it must lead to something," breathed Grace.

The door before her was strongly secured. It had a heavy wooden bar, and besides this a very large staple and hook. Grace bent her ear and listened. She could detect no sound or movement beyond this guarded portal.

"What had I better do? How far dare I venture?" murmured Grace.

She knew not what lay beyond that mysterious door. Perhaps it might guard some dangerous maniac, some desperate prisoner and enemy of Cardona. But what if it should be Shirley, her lost, missing lover! Grace, with trembling fingers, removed the wooden bar and the hoop from the staple.

As the door opened, as she lifted the lamp she carried straight before her, Grace, with trepidation and interest, took in the room before her view.

It was a meanly furnished apartment containing a bed, a chair, and with no light or ventilation except such as were furnished by a small barred window, high up in the roof. Everything about the place suggested the close, fetid confinement of some captive. That captive lay in full view of the astonished intruder, across the wretched bed in one corner of the room.

It was not Shirley Moore—Grace's heart sank at this discovery. It was a woman—as she noticed this, Grace advanced with less trepidation. The prisoner lay crouched up in a despairing attitude, her clothing disordered, her hair disheveled. Grace lifted the lamp to take a good look at the face held in the shadow of one arm raised across her head.

"Mercy!" gasped Grace, recoiling, and in the excess of her amazement and consternation nearly dropping the lamp to the floor.

She could scarcely believe the evidence of her senses. In one flashing glance she had recognized the forlorn creature huddled up in the bed.

"Nora Duvall!" she breathed, "what does this mean? What can it all mean?"

It was a strange discovery, a baffling situation. Here was her rival, her enemy. Here was the flashing, dashing coquette who had fallen in love with the picture of Shirley Moore, the old workroom companion of Grace, whom the latter had last seen in rich bridal robes at Heart's Content, now almost in rags, surrounded by discomfort, almost squalor—Nora Duvall lay before her, an object to shrink from and pity.

Grace could not readily surmise the situation of the unfortunate girl. Surely she had wedded Elmer Vance, Cardona, the false Shirley Moore. By what steps of plot and circumstances had she descended in a few brief weeks from a bride to a captive? As Grace recalled the fierce, headstrong nature of the wilful Nora, she marveled at the power that had broken her strong will and made of her a wretched prisoner.

Grace was in a quandary. She scarcely knew how to act or what to do. The situation was a complete, perhaps a perilous one. This girl was her enemy—she had been an ally of that chief enemy to all Grace's happiness and peace of mind, Cardona. As Grace glanced again at the sleeping face of Nora, she recoiled. It bore hard lines of selfishness and cruelty.

"Shall I arouse her?" reflected Grace.

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"What may be the result? No, I will follow out my first plans. It seems to be in my power to remove Cardona to the custody of Mr. Vassar. He can return here and find this woman, he can unravel the skein of mystery more clearly and readily than myself. I will go below, and—too late!"

Grace started back with suddenness. The sleeping woman before her had opened her eyes. Into the face of Nora, wan and changed as it was, flashed all her old determination and vivacity.

"Who are you?" she cried, and springing instantly from the bed to her feet, she confronted Grace with glaring, suspicious eyes.

The latter recoiled step by step. Nora resembled some mad woman in the intensity with which she followed Grace, challenging, peering, her hands posed as if to seize her and do her a violence.

Abruptly she seemed to discern that the door behind Grace was open. A wild, eager light came into the woman's eyes. She made a spring forward and swept Grace from her path, almost throwing her off her feet.

"Wait!" spoke Grace, rousing herself, feeling that a parley with this woman might lead to important disclosures.

But Nora was gone. She cleared the threshold of the open doorway quickly, a cry of hope and delight ringing from her lips.

Grace heard her descend the stairs at cyclone speed, heard a door slam below, recovered herself, and prepared to follow quickly. Her foot on the second step of the stairway, however, she halted with a shock.

From below, suddenly and startingly, there rang out distinctly, a pistol shot!

CHAPTER XV.
A WOMAN SCORNED.

Only for a moment after the ominous echo of that sudden pistol shot did Grace Lanyon remain motionless. The occurrences of the past few moments had been startling and enlightening, but she felt that still more tragic things were happening on the floor below.

It was difficult for her to imagine the motive of the manifest imprisonment of Nora Duvall. This woman was certainly the wedded wife of the impostor, Cardona. What series of events had so complicated the situation, that the bride of a few weeks previous, the headstrong, wilful Nora had become a captive in the power of the false Shirley Moore?

Grace hastened quickly down the narrow stairway. She ran toward the room where she had last seen Cardona. From that apartment she was positive the shot had echoed. She could only surmise that Nora had rushed into the presence of Cardona, bent upon wrecking her vengeance upon the man who had wedded her and then had deprived her of her liberty.

Reaching the open doorway of that room, Grace stood rooted to the spot, spellbound and appalled. Her conjectures had been correct. To that apartment, with the instinct and ferocity of a tigress, Nora had sped. As Grace saw her now, she resembled some fury bent on the execution of a deadly purpose. The drawer of a desk was open, and from this Nora had evidently secured the revolver which she now held in her hand. Apparently she had alarmed the drink-stupefied Cardona by her mad dash into the room. She had evidently turned the weapon upon him, but the shot had as seemingly sped clear of its intended mark.

Cardona had closed with the woman. She held the revolver high up above her head, but Cardona had gripped her wrist and held the weapon powerless. She, shrieking and struggling, he striving vainly to disarm her, the two reeled about the room.

"You vixen!" gasped the man, and one hand brutally closed about the throat of his equally desperate combatant.

"You fiend!" hissed the woman, "poltroon! assassin! I will kill you! I will kill you!"

Both fell headlong as Cardona attempted to force her backwards across the table in the center of the room. Upon it lay an open pocketbook filled with bank notes. This was swept to the floor.

Cardona had succeeded in wresting the revolver from the hand of the woman. As they fell, he maintained it in his grasp. He went headlong, the woman as well, but they separated at this crisis in the mutual struggle for supremacy.

"Not I, but you!" shouted Cardona venomously, lifting the revolver to fire.

Nora was too quick for him. She had gained her feet first. As she noted her peril she shrank to one side and seized a heavy pair of tongs standing against the side of the fireplace. Grace shuddered as the blow fell. It seemed to fairly echo, and Cardona went back with a crash, the revolver flying wide of his grasp.

Nora uttered a cry of mingled vengeance and triumph. She stooped, and securing the pocketbook filled with bank notes that had fallen from the table in the struggle, secured these in a pocket of her disordered dress. Then she ran across the room and picked up the revolver from the floor.

Grace stepped from the shadow of the hall into the full light of the room where Cardona lay. She saw the face of the woman become momentarily transformed into that of a fiend. There was murder in the face of Nora Duvall, there could be no doubt of that. The sense of some deep wrong, the presence in her heart of some furious hate against the man flamed up in full force. She raised the weapon, advancing toward the prostrate, insensible Cardona.

"Stop!" ordered Grace peremptorily, and boldly stepped in the path of the woman who had caused her so much trouble.

For the first time Nora noticed her presence. She drew back, her lurid eyes swept her veiled form.

"Oh, it was you who released me?" she spoke, as if acknowledging a service, and then dark suspicion coming into her eyes, "Who are you? how came you here? Out of my way! I have a mission of justice to perform."

"You must not further injure this man," began Grace.

"Oh!" exclaimed Nora, her temper flaring up, "are you an accomplice of his? I see—I see! You are his hireling, the nurse they were talking about."

"Listen to me," spoke Grace. "I have a question to ask."

"Who are you, I say?" cried Nora, the perverse and headstrong vixen. "That voice! I have heard it before. Who are you?"

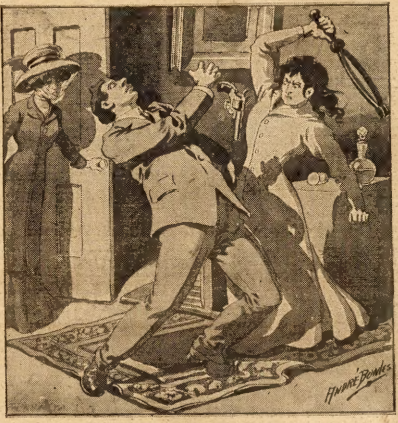
Thus speaking, the determined woman advanced upon Grace, endeavoring to tear the enveloping veil from her. Grace retreated with a sudden movement. Nora succeeded in grasping the veil. She tore it free, and Grace faced her.

The effect of the confrontation was magical and thrilling.

Nora reeled back as though she had been dealt a sudden blow. All the brazen effrontery of her nature died away. The revolver fell from her nerveless fingers, with a scream that seemed to imply horror, remorse and dread, she sprang past Grace, and sped from the room and from the house as though pursued by a tormenting phantom.

Grace tried to follow her. She felt that this woman could supply the solution to the great wrong and mystery of the false impersonation of Shirley Moore by Cardona. Of all the tangled skeins forming the web of fate about her life, the most complete were those involving this siren woman. How had she come to wed Cardona? Why was she now his deadly enemy?

Grace was persuaded that an opportunity afforded to fly from the house where she had been cruelly detained as a prisoner, Nora had left its vicinity on wings of fleetness. She returned to the room where Cardona lay. She dreaded to approach the form of the man who had parted her from peace and happiness and from the man whom she loved, Shirley Moore. However, Grace felt that a great practical moment was at hand. She conquered her repugnance and timidity, and soon decided that the blow delivered by Nora had plunged Cardona into deeper insensibility than before.



Cardoya went down with a crash.

"He is not seriously hurt," Grace told herself, "but the blow and the strong drink combined will probably keep him unconscious for many hours to come. I do not believe that woman will return. It seemed to me as if, when she saw my face, a wild remorse drove her almost frantic. The servants will not come back for some hours. Does it not mean everything to Mr. Vassar, to the Prince Zimene, to have this man, Cardona, in their power at this vital juncture in his plots and their plans?"

For a moment Grace sank to a chair, reflecting deeply over the situation presented before her. She took in all of its details mentally. She calculated the best measures for removing him safely and secretly from the place.

Then Grace Lanyon turned the lamp low, and left the place to arrange for the removal of Cardona to the house of mystery.

CHAPTER XVI.
THE CRITICAL MOMENT.

Grace at once left the isolated house that had held so many startling developments for her during the evening. She had fully made up her mind to act boldly and decisively. It was not more than half an hour since the servants had left the place, and she felt certain they would not return until she had fully consummated her plans.

She went out to the street. It was nearly deserted, for the locality was a lonely one. Grace rapidly walked several blocks before she came to a side business street. Turning into this she continued walking until she saw a disengaged cab at a street corner.

Its driver sat on the seat of the vehicle all muffled up, but with an eye out for business, for when Grace approached him with the manifest intention of hailing him, he nimbly descended to the pavement.

"Cab, ma'am?" he inquired eagerly.

"I—I think so, if I can make a bargain with you," responded Grace. "I want to know that I can trust you, that I can depend on your fidelity and secrecy."

"We're used to all that," declared the cabman carelessly. "Speak out, ma'am, some friend in trouble?"

"No," said Grace. "There is a friend, you might call him, who is overcome with liquor. I know him, his servants are all away. They have left him in the house alone. His wife robbed him, and struck him, I fear, a very severe blow. I wish to remove him."

"To a hospital, ma'am?"

"No, to a place where a man wishes to see him very much, will see that he is cared for?"

Grace spoke hesitatingly. She could not tell a lie. The man observed this in his experienced matter-of-fact way. She wanted to explain enough to have the cabman help her, and yet not tell him too much.

"Look here, ma'am," he said, "you needn't waste words trying to bamboozle me or explain what is none of my business. You are a lady, I can see that, and I'll take the risk of your doing nothing wrong. As long as this job doesn't get me into any trouble——"

"I assure you that it will not," pledged Grace.

"Then it's none of my business, your motives or secrets."

"You will do as I ask you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And ask no questions?"

"Except double fare on an out-of-the-way job."

"You shall have it."

"Then I'll forget all I see or hear after I've delivered my fare. Get in, ma'am, which way?"

Grace directed the driver, entered the vehicle, and ten minutes later they were in front of the lonely house on the side street. The cabman accompanied Grace around to the rear of the place and into the house.

He stared hard at the sight of the disordered room and the insensible Cardona. Without a word, however, he assisted Grace in lifting and carrying Cardona out of the house and placed him in the cab. Grace got in beside Cardona. It was a repugnant task, an eerie kind of a sensation, to be alone in the vehicle with this base-hearted man, not knowing what all her audacious action might lead to, but Grace bore up bravely. She gave explicit directions to the driver, and they had soon left the isolated house far behind them.

Cardona lay huddled up in the seat, partly propped up by Grace's arm. He was breathing heavily, but quite steadily. All kinds of dreadful thoughts assailed her mind and caused her to shudder with apprehension. Suppose Cardona should awaken? Suppose he should arouse and claim that he had been assailed, robbed and kidnaped? Grace breathed with a vast sense of relief as at last the cab drew up in front of the house of mystery.

A summons at the door brought down Basil. Grace quickly asked for Vassar. It seemed that he had just returned to the house. Basil went to call him. As Vassar descended the stairs, he gazed wonderingly at the excited girl before him and the vehicle standing at the curb.

"You, Miss Lanyon!" he said, noticing her torn veil and pale and perturbed face.

"Oh, Mr. Vassar," spoke Grace, "I have done a bold thing. I hope I have made no mistake."

"What do you mean?"

"Cardona."

"What of him?"

"He is there," explained Grace, designating the cab.

"Cardona there—in that carriage?" cried Vassar, tremendously wrought up.

"Yes, Mr. Vassar. He is insensible. The opportunity came to kidnap him, and I acted."

"Brave girl—a jewel! Cardona—here! You have solved all my troubles, you have done a wonderful thing."

Vassar was aglow with satisfaction and triumph. He hurried to the cab. The driver assisted him in lifting out its insensible burden and carrying it up the stairs. Grace waited below. As the cabman and Vassar came down the stairs again, Grace saw Vassar give him some money. Evidently it was a generous fee, for the driver chuckled, his face aglow as he passed Grace, and he remarked to her:

(Continued on page fifteen.)

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GENTLE JABS.

Having succeeded in bagging a white rhinoceros, Mr. Roosevelt will be under the necessity of returning to civilization for excitement.

Court decisions last Saturday gave Chicago permission to expose its own grafters and dig a subway with its own money. The world moves, all right.

Mr. Roosevelt naturally is wondering if Jim Jeffries can get into form, as he hopes it will not be necessary for him to go in training to vindicate the Caucasian race.

Don't boast of your lineage. It's a dozen to a quart that if you trace it back a few generations you will find some one who borrowed a horse without the owner's consent.

Much of the beauty of women lies in an erect figure, a graceful walk, and the fine poise of the head. An aristocratic carriage is within the reach of any girl who takes the pains to have it; it is only the question of a few years of vigilance, never relaxing her watchfulness over herself; and, sitting or standing, always preserving her erectness and pose, the result being that at the end of that time it has become second nature to her, and she never afterward loses it. This in a great measure preserves the figure, because it keeps the muscles firm and well strung, and prevents the sinking down of the flesh around the waist and hips, so common in women over thirty, and which is very easy to escape. Another thing to avoid is a bad habit of going upstairs, which most women do bent forward, with the chest contracted, which, as well as an indolent, slouchy manner of walking, is injurious to the heart and lungs.

There are nagging husbands and nagging wives, but the most objectionable of naggers is the mother whose continual fault-finding embitters the childhood of her children, and leaves them without the memory of motherly acts and words.

A vivid recollection of a visit to a summer resort is of an irritable invalid mother, and her unhappy, harassed boy. She nagged at him in the diningroom till the poor child lost all appetite.

One morning the father came down alone, and explained that the mother was not well enough to come to breakfast. Whereupon the boy, with childlike frankness, exclaimed: "Oh, I'm so glad!"

Then, seeing the father's reproving glance, he explained: "You know, papa, I'm not glad she's ill, but I do enjoy my breakfast so much more when she's not here."

Memories of a mother's sweet voice have led back wandering feet to paths of righteousness; but harsh words of grumbling mothers have driven the children to the broad ways of destruction, as did a certain widow who railed continually at her children. They feared her when they were little; but, as they grew older, they gave back railing for railing; and every son of that mother was laid in a drunkard's grave.

In another home, the nagging of the mother was repeated in the children. Old grievances were dwelt upon, magnified, and brought forward at most inopportune moments, and there was a continual round of petty fault-finding and retort.

But at last a realization of her responsibility came to the mother; she controlled the querulous words and turned them to gentle ones. The children were puzzled. They did not expect the new condition to last; but last it did, and now it is rare to hear an impatient word in that household from any of its members.

The Black Phantom.

(Continued from page three.)

saken them. They were ready to fight to protect their families; but they were peaceable men, and they did not like the kind of work before them. They all longed for the return of their guide as fervently as the women, for they needed his cool leadership.

And now it was growing late, and they were waiting and watching, their firearms ready to their hand.

Suddenly, so suddenly that the women were paralyzed with fear, and the men stimulated into determined action, a war-whoop from a score of dusky throats rang out upon the air, and echoed against the mountain side. It was evident to all that the savages intended to make a rush upon the place and carry it by force of numbers. There was an open space to be crossed before an onslaught could be made, and the moon was shining full upon the spot. At the rear of the camp grounds was open prairie, and it was impossible for the Indians to make a circuit and approach from that direction unseen.

At the very edge of the open the redskins paused to take counsel together. And while they hesitated a ball from behind the barricade caused one of their number to leap in the air and fall dead at the feet of his companions.

Delia Hill, who saw from her place of refuge the death throes of the savage, sprang to her feet.

"Who fired that shot?" she cried, and her voice penetrated to the group of men defending the barricade.

"I did!" came the answer in a well-known voice. And Will Allen began to reload his rifle.

Delia sank back quivering in every limb, and a numbness growing at her heart. The thoughts that crowded her brain, and would not be kept back, were derogatory to Will Allen. She had expected the savages to strike the first blow, and then the white men to defend themselves and families bravely. From the very nature of the two different races it seemed more fitting that it should be thus. The red men were poor, ignorant children of the wilderness, and savages. It was to be expected of them. But it seemed unnecessary and cruel to shoot one down in cold blood like that before the fight began. And right then and there Will's brother Carl, without doing a thing, scored a point, while Will went down in Delia's estimation to below par.

The initiative Will had taken caused the other savages to draw back, taking their dead comrade with them; and this time they held their counsel out of sight of the barricade.

There was a long silence, filled with anxiety for the men, and terror for the women. Then, to the right of the camp, where the grass grew tallest and thickest, a lone savage was discovered to be creeping. He meant, no doubt, to spy upon the camp and learn its strength and numbers, if possible. But this venture was a failure on his part, and this time it was Mr. Hamlin, Robert's father, who laid the redskin low. Mr. Hamlin felt that he owed the savages something in that line. And although he hoped, and buoyed up his despairing wife with that hope—that the scout would rescue Robert and the others, he, like Will Allen, had an itching desire to make one less of the opposing party. Moreover, this seemed a necessary precaution.

Delia had sat, since that first shot, with her hands over her face, trying to stifle all regret, and so gave no heed to the last shot. Whether it was from the same hand, she knew not, nor cared. It must be done, no doubt, this thing; and what mattered a premature shot. Any one but this serious child would have applauded the act.

During the lull that followed, Carl Allen crept into the enclosure and pressed a revolver into Delia's hand.

"Use it, if necessary, to defend yourself or another," he said, and was gone.

She placed the weapon in her bosom, and her lips closed together in a determined line.

"Yes, if I find it necessary," she said to herself. "But only after an attack has been made upon some of us."

And then she crept outside, in spite of her mother's remonstrance, and brought in the axes and everything else that would do for weapons, such as shovels, neckyokes, tent poles, etc.

"See here!" she said, distributing the articles; "if the Indians make a rush, as the men expect, we will have to defend ourselves; and likely enough we will have to assist the men, for they will be out-numbered.

"Will you not fight for your husbands and children as they will fight for you?" she harangued, as she saw that some of the women shrank from handling the weapons she had placed in their hands. "Or will you sit here like a flock of frightened sheep, and see them massacred and scalped, knowing you and your little ones must meet the same fate? Remember the example set by Hazel King, as womanly a woman as one need to be."

Thus aroused, they all armed themsevles with the crude weapons Delia had provided, even to the smallest children, and determined to fight to the death; for death was sure to be their portion if they remained passive.

And let us say right here that the small boy who said "we" in speaking of the Indian they had tied at the late camp, which had caused a smile at his expense, struck the tomahawk from a redskin's hand with a neckyoke in time to save his mother's life.

The determined women had not long to wait before the war-cry sounded again, and the savages crossed the open space on a run. A volley of bullets met them, and several fell, the rest leaping over them, their impetus in nowise lessened. Enough would reach the barricade to overpower the whites; or so the Indians calculated, for they would find their enemies' rifles empty. But not so, each man had another piece loaded and within reach of his hand.

Their weapons were discharged now at close range; but where one spoke a brave went down. Still there were savages enough to swarm over the barricade, and the men were obliged to club their rifles and fight desperately.

"Now!" cried Delia, "now is the time!" and rushed forth from the sheltered nook so carefully provided for them, followed by every soul inside big enough to wield an ax or tent stake.

"At them!" cried Delia, who had constituted herself their leader, and the redskins were belabored from behind with everything from a tent stake to a stove poker.

And Delia, scarcely more than a child, whom one would associate in his mind with daisy-chains, and petals plucked with "He loves me, he loves me not,"—Delia, so lately shocked at the ruthless slaying of the savage by her one-time hero, Will Allen, laid more than one Indian low that night. But it was done in fair fight, and in self-defense and the defense of others.

For a moment after the women rushed in the struggle ceased. The men were dumfounded to find they had left their hiding place and exposed themselves to such danger. And the Indians gave little, disgusted grunts at having to fight with squaws. But they were over the barricade and could not retreat with impunity. And so the fight went on. Tomahawks were used, and Will Allen was wounded in the right arm. He still continued to use his rifle to good advantage, clubbing right and left. But suddenly a faintness seized him, and he staggered and dropped his gun. An Indian stood over him, tomahawk raised to dispatch him; but suddenly, just as he had given up hope, he saw Delia spring forward and fire her pistol directly in the face of his assailant.

He fainted then, from loss of blood; and when next he opened his eyes he was inside the retreat constructed for the women, with not a woman save Delia inside of it. She was dressing his wound, and he knew that she would leave him when that was completed.

"Delia," he said, looking at her tenderly, "you have saved my life. It was Bessie I loved—Bessie, who cares nothing for me. But you, Delia, have—have——"

"Have loved you, you mean to say," looking him straight in the eyes. "You are mistaken," she added, "it is Carl."

She put the finishing touches to the wounded arm, and darted away to rejoin the fight. And Will Allen was left to wonder whether it was his self-esteem that led him to believe Delia in love with him, or whether it was her pride that caused her to deny it.

"It is just as well she rejected the love I was about to offer, the feeling would have worn off, I dare say. It was founded on gratitude."

The next instant Delia was back, had placed beside him his rifle, and had darted away again. He loaded the piece as best he could with his left hand, and crept on his hands and knees toward the barricade.

The fight was nearly over now; Indians lay strewn about on the ground, as many of them struck down by the women, as were slain by the men. A few of the emigrants of both sexes were wounded, and to these Delia was ministering. The savages that escaped injury retreated as best they could; and by the time Will reached the spot, there was not a redskin in sight.

And then they looked around to see what

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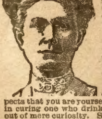

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We have been distillers and wholesalers for many years and have accumulated a large stock of whiskies. Many of our best customers have been forced into other lines by stringent saloon and local option laws, and we are forced to sell to the consumer direct. We want 100,000 consumer customers. We propose to sell to you cheaper than we did to the saloon keeper. We have cut off expensive traveling salesmen—we give no credit—take no chances. The whiskey we sold to the saloon keeper at $1.75 on credit, We can offer you at $1.50 for cash. This is the first time you ever had the opportunity to purchase fine whiskey of a reliable distiller for less than the saloon keeper has to pay.

FINE HIGH GRADE
$4. WHISKEY
$150
A GALLON
FINE HIGH GRADE
$4. WHISKEY
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A GALLON

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2 FULL GALLONS Fine, High-Grade $4.00 Whiskey, in 2 Glass Jugs, Same amount as is contained in 8 full quart bottles, or same amount as is contained in 16 full 16-ounce pint flasks, for only $2.97

MONEY BACK WITHOUT A QUESTION IF NOT SATISFACTORY

Our Proposition: Send us $2.97 and we will send you, same day your order is received, in an unrecognizable package, 2 full gallons of fine, pure whiskey, rich and mellow. Try it and test it in any way you wish and if you do not find it to be the best whiskey you ever purchased at twice the price, send it back and we will return your money. Send P. O. Order, Express Money Order or Bank Draft. Do not send private checks. We cannot afford to pay exchange at the price we sell our goods at.

This is an unheard-of low price, but go to your saloon dealer and ask him what he pays per gallon for whiskey by the barrel in large quantities, for which he charges you 10 or 15 cents a drink, and if he tells you the truth you will find he pays from $1.40 to $1.50 a gallon. By this special offer you are enabled to buy in 2-gallon lots at the same price that your dealer pays in large quantities by the barrel. Why pay more? We quote in larger quantities:

5 Gallon Keg . . . $7.35
10 Gallon Keg . . . 13.91
25 Gallon Half Barrel $33.50
50 Gallon Barrel 64.50

M. CALMAN DISTILLING CO. For purposes of privacy, address your letters and have all remittances made to M. CALMAN, President, 35 Calman Ave. KANSAS CITY, MO.

havoc had been wrought in their own party, and thanked God that all were living.

Thinking the redskins were defeated, they all left the scene of battle and returned to the wagons, to rest and dress their wounds. Had they not killed most of the savages? they reasoned. Surely the few who were left would not return.

"The women saved the day!" declared Mr. Sheldon. "They were perfect furies! Had they not rushed in and attacked the Indians on all sides, not many of us would have been left to tell the story of this night."

As the beaten savages were retreating they ran straight into our little party of returning truants, Ben Sheldon, Hazel King, and Hal, the Scout. The wild appearance of the Indians gave them to understand that they had been worsted in the fight. However, the only safe Indian was a dead Indian from Hal's point of view, and quick as a flash he drew his rifle to his shoulder and fired. Ben followed suit, and there were two less redskins to do mischief. Hazel, however, did not deem it necessary to take the life of even so formidable a foe when they seemed to be in no danger; and it was not her nature to take revenge for what had been done, though she could not tell what havoc might have been wrought at the camp.

But Hal and Ben guessed rightly that the fight was not over yet, that there were still Indians enough to wipe out the emigrants, and they hardly felt like losing a chance to make one or two less of the enemy they would soon be obliged to fight. Evidently, there were others who thought the same, for as the redskins veered in their course on seeing reinforcements ride up, two more shots rang out, and each told a story of death to the now panic-stricken savages.

And while the people at the wagons wondered, though believing Hal was near, the Black Phantom and Robert Hamlin rode into view, the latter mounted on a pony taken from a fallen enemy. It was the first time Mark Ashton had ever used firearms in his character of the Black Phantom. And had the tale been carried to the dwellers of the tepees, it would possibly have destroyed the superstitious belief they entertained of the "unseen death." But fortunately for the "phantom" the ones who fell could tell no tales, and those who fled had no time to observe how many accompanied the draped figure they dreaded so greatly. The only derogatory report that could be made was that the spirit they had reverenced was in the company of mortal flesh.

It so happened that our friends from the plains rode up to the wagons at the time these two approached from another direction. And here were five who might have done good service in the fight, but had arrived too late—at least too late for the fight that was just over.

The scout had given the signal agreed upon before he rode up, that they might know a friend was approaching, and the movers all flocked out to see if he had brought the truants with him. The danger from redskins was forgotten. There were exclamations of delight and surprise on seeing Hazel and the two boys, Robert and Ben; but a wail went up from Mrs. Hill when she discovered Bessie was missing from among the rescued ones. All safe but Bessie! It did seem hard, for this mother had been the least courageous and the most despairing. Robert, who had left them in company with Bessie, who, in fact, was the cause of the trouble that had overtaken her, or so she felt, was restored to the bosom of his family. And Bessie alone was not found. No wonder the mother felt rebellious.

Bessie out alone amidst danger—alone, with those human wolves! No wonder Mrs. Hill shrieked and fainted dead away, when she learned the whole truth. No wonder Mr. Hill upbraided the young man for leading his daughter into danger. Robert was at his wit's end; for he had his sweetheart's mother to pacify, her father to conciliate, and Bessie to seek and find. For Robert's return to camp in company with the Black Phantom as protection, was mainly to reassure her parents and Delia. The latter he knew was suffering from self-reproach, added to the fear she felt for her sister.

The young man took it upon himself to restore the swooning mother, and assure her of her daughter's safety, and make known to her the plan of the Black Phantom to find and rescue her.

"Believe me, dear Mrs. Hill, Bessie shall be found and brought safely to your arms. Everything is possible to the person known to the savages as the Black Phantom, for they dare not molest him. He could ride into their midst and take her from them, and not a hand would be raised to prevent it; so great is their fear of him."

"Then why——" began Mrs. Hill tearfully.

"Bessie has escaped with the aid of one of their captives, a girl of her own age, who has been with them since infancy. She knows the forest, and where to hide; and at present they are safely out of the hands of the Indians. We have learned that. The Black Phantom has been there; and but for the fact that the girls took matters into their own hands, we would have brought them with us. He goes back directly, and I go with him."

But to this plan the Black Phantom himself objected. He could do better alone in his search for the fugitives, and Robert would be needed where he was. They had not heard the last from the Indians, he assured them. The scout joined him in this opinion, and insisted that Robert stay to help protect the wagons.

"We have the missing ones all gathered in now, except Bessie," he said. "And we will get her," he added cheerfully. "The likelihood is that you would get lost or captured again, if you should leave the camp. I want to get you all gathered together again, and I must, therefore, forbid any of you to leave the wagons in my absence."

Ben made a little nervous movement, which did not escape the scout's eye. He turned on the boy a stern look.

"I am responsible for every one of you," he said, "and how can I do my duty if I am not obeyed?"

"If I had dallied at the wagons before," urged the boy, edging near enough to the scout's side to be heard only by that individual, "what would you have done for your future—that is, wouldn't you have been a bachelor all your life?"

"I am sure I should have," answered Hal gravely. "You did good work, my boy, and it won't ever be forgotten. But you won't be needed this time. There is the Black Phantom——"

"You can't ever tell what will turn up."

"You see, Ben, I want you to remain as a body-guard to Miss King, and to make one more to defend the women and children, in case of an attack before I can return. They are in greater danger than Bessie, who is free from their clutches, and is in the care of Wenona, who knows the tricks of the tribe, and has learned from them to be sly and cautious.

"The strength of the camp is weakened by the onslaught upon it. The fatigue of the battle has taken something from their courage and vim. Besides, some of them are wounded, and can do less effective work in the next attack. And the women are so excited their nerves will be less steady. No, Ben, you must not leave them. I enjoin you to stay for the sake of the ones who need you."

And so Ben Sheldon, who longed to be out amid the dangers of the forest for the sake of adventure, was obliged to watch the scout, in company with the Black Phantom, ride away without him.

CHAPTER XIII.

WENONA'S ADVENTURE.

Bessie Hill, being left alone in the cavern behind the waterfall, shut out from the world by that, to her, impassable sheet of water, felt the loneliness of death creep over her, numbing her senses and chilling her body as with cold. She shivered and drew near the fire. She was as completely isolated from the world as though she was behind prison bars. She could no more escape from this place than from the dungeon of some old-world castle.

And if Wenona should never return! If some fate should overtake her that would prevent her return! How long would the provisions and fuel last? How long would it take her to starve to death after they were gone?

She threw herself on the couch of skins by the fire sobbing.

Meanwhile, Wenona, after hiding the canoe in its accustomed place, crept back along the banks of the stream toward the falls, and began ascending the side of the mountain. The chain of mountains that bordered the plain was at the place where the Indians were encamped in the form of an elbow, the village of tepees being in the hollow of this, about a half-mile from its base. It was high up in the hollow that the falls where Bessie was hidden were situated. And it was at the point of this elbow that the hermit's cave was located, it being also a half-mile from the tepees.

Wenona knew how to find the cliff where the hermit dwelt; but she knew of no place of entrance to his retreat. Her object was to skirt this elbow, keeping far enough up the mountain side to be free from the haunts of the Indians, and to search for the hermit, or to wait until dusk, lying hidden in the thickets, and intercept the Black Phantom as he passed. Then she would tell him her story, and throw herself upon his mercy.

However, the loyal girl determined not to reveal the hiding place of her companion till she was sure it was perfectly safe to do so.

"She better starve in cave than live like Wenona so many years, and wait so long for time to come when she escape and find white people," the girl murmured to herself. "Wenona never tell, when she say not. But she will go back! Wenona will go back? And a look of resolution settled upon her sunburned but handsome features.

It was difficult work to skirt the camp, even at an elevation, and make no noise, no snap of a twig or rustle of a leaf, that would warn a possible hunter of her presence. It was broad day, and she must not be seen. The denseness of the foliage screened her from the sight of any one at a distance. But it also prevented her discovering any one who might be out searching for herself and Bessie. And there must be searchers all over the mountains. She had known that, but she hoped they would be looking in the direction the white people had gone.

Softly she skulked along as if shod with velvet. Once she hid in a tree thinking she heard a sound of footsteps. She had a long knife in her hand, and a tomahawk in her belt.

Once she paused and sipped at a little rill gushing forth from the rugged mountain side. And again she secreted herself in a niche between two boulders and ate a handful of parched corn, which she carried in a pouch at her side, while she rested; for the sun was now high in the heavens. She had not traveled far as regards miles, but the way had been rugged and difficult to traverse; and the necessity for noiseless footfalls made progress slow.

After a few minutes rest she was out, and had started on again, stooping low and moving with noiseless feet. She had made the turn in the elbow, was coming out at a point near the cliff where the hermit dwelt, when she thought she heard something, and paused with bated breath to listen. Could it be that she was followed? All was silent whenever she paused; but when she moved on again there seemed to be the echo of a shadow following in her wake.

She was as far as she need go now. She might wait and watch for the appearance of the hermit or the Black Phantom; for this was the thoroughfare of the latter; and here he would pass at dusk. Of course, he would pass below her, but she would descend when the hour arrived and place herself in his path. What if the whole tribe discovered her then? She would be under his protection, and they would not dare molest her.

She cast her eyes about for some place to hide—some nook where she would be out of sight, and yet command a view of the place where she expected the Black Phantom to pass. There was a boulder just above the spot where she was standing. She turned and took a few steps upward. She might crouch behind that and wait. But

(Continued on page ten.)

$360.00 Working Capital FREE

TAILORING SALESMEN and others as mentioned below, don't work for $200 a month, but own your own business. We have a brand new plan by which we will take 100 good men and make them an offer to own their own tailoring institutions. We have a plan by which we will supply the capital for you to run the business **without your putting up a cent** or neglecting your business if you have one now. We will make you a partner in business with us, you handling the money, if you are the right sort of a man, putting our money against your time and split up the sure profit between us.

We Do Not Ask You to Invest a Cent All we ask you for is your time. All of it if you can give it, or part of it if that is all you can give. We would rather have all your time than part of it, because our offer is so big and there is so much money in it that it is well worth the whole time and attention of any man. Our plan involves a new way of selling the finest tailored-to-order clothes at absolutely unheard of prices, and in a way that makes the old time tailoring agent a thing of the past. We propose there shall be in 100 towns and villages a **Regal Tailoring Store** selling Regal made-to-measure **Men's Suits and Overcoats exclusively.** This is your chance at last if you are one of 100 men we shall qualify for branch partners.

We Furnish the Money You Run the Business That's a fair, square offer isn't it? And there are no strings tied to it. We personally can't see the public and take orders for our suits and overcoats. You can and you will sell more with our new line and by our exclusive plan, when we furnish the capital than any clothing salesman you ever heard of, and

We Divide the Profit Between Us

$25,000 We Furnish the Capital For You This is the sum we have set aside for this purpose. We will double it if we get the right men. Our merchant tailor's shops are the finest ever established in the country for that purpose. We have perfected a line of men's made-to-measure suits and overcoats that you can sell at half usual price and still make more money than ever before. All we ask is that you send us your name and address and let us explain to you our new plan and how we are going to make 100 men rich. You risk nothing and make no promise when you answer.

This Is Important: The above advertisement, while written to those who have sold clothing, is also meant for good, live hustlers who have had no experience. Don't hesitate to write to us, whether you have ever taken orders for men's clothes or not. We will gladly tell you about our plan.

Regal Tailoring Company
Dept. 14 191-193 Market St., Chicago, Ill.

LOFTIS SYSTEM DIAMONDS WATCHES ON CREDIT

OUR GREAT NEW YEAR DIAMOND SPECIALS

Diamonds Win Hearts.

No. 8672—$20. No. 8679—$25. No. 8685—$35. No. 8688—$50. No. 8696—$75.

These Rings were among our greatest sellers during the Holidays. Thousands upon thousands were sold over the counter in our three large Chicago, Pittsburg and St. Louis stores, and our mail order sales were never so large. **Begin the New Year Right** by saving a Diamond. No better investment in the world. They increase in value 10 to 20% a year. To be successful, look successful; wear one of these fine, brilliant Diamonds, mounted in 14k solid gold. We send it on approval, all charges prepaid. If you are perfectly satisfied, keep it, and pay one-fifth down, balance in eight equal monthly amounts. Your credit is good.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO The Old Reliable Original Diamond and Watch Credit House
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WRITE FOR CATALOG containing over 1,500 photographic illustrations of Diamonds, fine Watches and artistic Jewelry. Mailed FREE. Write today.

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15--EMBOSSED POST CARDS FREE--15

RARE SPECIMENS OF BEAUTIFUL POST CARDS

American Art Floral Series

Reproductions of original water colors of Paul de Longpre, handsome, new and attractive; showing America's most beautiful flowers in rare, natural colors, relief embossed on mounts of solid bronze.

A relief embossed post card is manufactured by a process which raises the flower design from the flat surface of the card, giving it the appearance of a flower resting on the surface of a bronzed mount. These cards are carefully lithographed in perfect colors on substantial stock and are the most attractive post cards of floral design ever offered to the readers of this paper.

The face of these cards are not marked with type or printing, making them suitable for mounting on plaques, passepartouting or framing.

This set of 15 relief embossed post cards, no two alike, will be sent FREE to every reader (only one set to each), willing to give us a few minutes of their spare time in return for these rare and handsome post cards. You will find these cards exactly as represented and you will be more than pleased with their beauty and attractiveness.

Write plainly your name and address on this coupon and send it to us with five two-cent stamps or ten cents in coin to cover cost of postage and packing, and we will mail the cards to you with full particulars about our easy plan for getting 50 Easter post cards; Lilies, Crosses, Chickens, Rabbits, Eggs and Choir Boys, mounted on both Gold and Silver backgrounds.

BALCH PUBLISHING COMPANY
326 Sawyer Building
Chicago

SEND THIS COUPON

BALCH PUB CO., 326 Sawyer Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed please find five 2-cent stamps, (10c) to pay postage and packing on 15 beautiful American Art Floral Post Cards and a trial copy of Home Life. I promise to give you a few moments of my time in return for these cards. Send me full particulars for getting 50 Easter post cards on your easy plan.

Name ....

Address ....

Vibrant Nerve Force Supplied to Man.

(From "Man's Maladies.")

Without stamina, man is a failure. What is stamina? It is constitutional vigor-health. It is keen, responsive, vibrant nerve force, that gives wonderful inner strength of will, sustains a sound body, supports a wise mentality, makes money and keeps friends. Keen, strong, sensitive nerves makes stamina and with it man can excel in business, sport, pleasure and social favor. Without it he is apt to be weak voiced, weak memoried, feeble in motion, with cold hands, cold feet, nervousness, timidity, fear without cause, trembling, melancholy, pain in the back of head, neurasthenia and a general lack of grit, courage and nerve so that it is impossible to act naturally under all circumstances as a man with stamina should.

Astonishing strength, nerve force and poise is quickly restored by the following valuable formula which anyone can prepare in the privacy of home. Coming from a source of unquestioned authority, namely, Dr. Lewis Baker, College E. Bldg., Dayton, Ohio, it is presumed to be infallible: First, obtain three ounces of syrup sarsaparilla compound in a six ounce bottle; add one ounce of compound fluid balmwort, shake well, and let stand two hours. Then add one ounce tincture cadomene compound (not cardamon) and one ounce compound essence cardiol. Mix. Shake well and take a teaspoonful after each meal and one when retiring.

The above ingredients, except the syrup, are rare concentrations of purest drugs without opiates and are used for various prescriptions.

A Man of Good Digestion.

Missionary (a little nervously)—I do hope that we shall agree.

Cannibal King—Oh, I don't think there is any doubt about that. My digestion is excellent.
cellent.—Illustrated Bits.

HOPE FOR DRUG ADDICTS?

Free Distribution of a Successful Remedy Has Done Untold Good.

NEW YORK, Friday.—It is estimated that within a comparatively short time nearly three thousand persons, addicted to the use of opium or morphine in some form, have taken advantage of the offer of the Waterman Institute, 124 East 25th street, Branch 8, New York, to send a free supply of a truly remarkable home remedy for these insidious and dangerous habits. The expressions of satisfaction derived from the continued use of the remedy are practically unanimous. It is said that the free distribution will be continued for a time.

Popular Arrivals.

Stranger—I understand that the city people who have country residences in this section are very popular with their rural neighbors.

Native—Yessirree. Durndest fools you ever see. Anybody kin cheat 'em.

Good News for the Deaf.

A celebrated New York Aurist has been selected to demonstrate to deaf people that deafness is a disease and can be cured rapidly and easily in your own home. He proposes to prove this fact by sending to any person having trouble with their ears a trial treatment of this new method absolutely free. We advise all people who have trouble with their ears to immediately address Dr. Edward Gardner, suite 313, No. 40 West Thirty-third street, New York City, and we wish to assure them that they will receive by return mail, absolutely free, a "Trial Treatment."

Well Rehearsed.

"For forty years I have been practicing what I preached."

"You must have it letter perfect by this time."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Fine Kidney Remedy.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock (clothing dealer), 886 Carrier Building, East Hampton, Conn., says if any reader afflicted with a kidney or bladder trouble will write to him he will direct them to the splendid home remedy he so successfully used. He is glad to do this and does not wish you to send him money.

Quite Natural.

Bronson—What did that pretty saleslady say when you stole a kiss?

Johnson—She said, "Will that be all for today?"

$1,000 Cash Given Away.

One thousand dollars divided into 127 cash prizes from the first prize of $500.00 down to one hundred prizes of $1.00 each, will be given free by the Wilbur Stock Food Company in the most novel and entertaining contest ever conducted.

Full particulars of this prize contest will be sent to every stock raiser who writes the Wilbur Stock Food Company or sends in coupon, which will be found in their advertisement on another page.

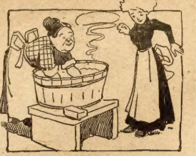
The Wilbur Company guarantee that it won't cost one cent to enter this prize contest, and it won't take ten minutes time to fulfill all the conditions. You don't have to sell anything or solicit any business. It is simply a straight-forward free prize contest open to any stock raiser in the world.

In addition to this chance to win part of the thousand dollars, the Wilbur Company also agree to send out a $3.50, 25-pound pail of their famous stock tonic free where they have no agent to everyone who cuts off and mails to them the coupon from their advertisement.

This free pail is given to prove what a wonderful feed saver conditioner, and disease preventive their stock tonic is, and why it is now fed by over 300,000 people. The Wilbur Company also agrees to send you a beautiful souvenir if you answer their advertisement whether or not you win part of the $1,000.

This exceedingly liberal offer should be taken immediate advantage of by every reader of this paper. Be sure and read every word of the advertisement of the Wilbur Stock Food Company, 775 Huron St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Pepperish.



Cynthia—Pa has no feeling at all.

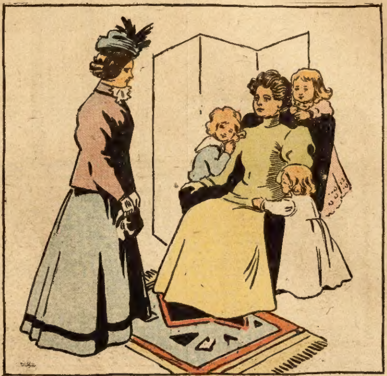
Mrs. Hardapple—What's the trouble now, my daughter?

Cynthia—Why, I told pa I was going to render a new opera and he said I had better be rendering lard.

TWO TOSSES.

He tossed a kiss
To an auto miss—
And then all things grew dim;
For ere he could leap
He was put to sleep—
When her big auto tossed him.

NOT ENOUGH.



The Mother—I am sure you would learn to love my children.

Nurse—What wages do you pay?

The Mother—Three dollars a week.

Nurse—I am afraid, ma'am, I could only be polite to them at that price.

Impersonal Journalism.

Wife (looking over the paper)—Here is a long obituary notice of some man I never heard of. I wonder what he was.

Husband—The editor of the paper, probably.

A Lucky Thought.

Dittersdorf—Here come two evil-looking rascals. I shouldn't wonder if we were held up.

Heinz—I'm afraid so. By the way, here's that dollar you lent me this morning.

A Bad Example.

"What makes that parrot so profane?"

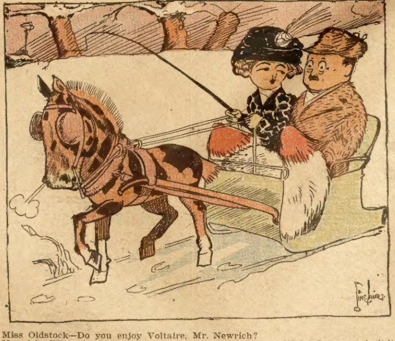
"Well, mum," answered the sailor man, "I s'pose it's part my fault. Every time I hear him speak a bad word it makes me so mad that he gets a chance to learn a lot of new ones."

An Alarmed Husband.

Mr. Timid (hearing noise at 2 a. m.)—I th—think, dear, that there is a m—man in the house.

His Wife (scornfully)—Not in this room.

SOUNDED SIMILAR.



Miss Oldstock—Do you enjoy Voltaire, Mr. Newrich?
Newrich—Why—er—I've never played it! Something like solitaire, I suppose, isn't it?

Greatly Afflicted.

Mrs. de Platte—How are you all at home, Mrs. Brownstone?

Mrs. Brownstone—Not well at all. My daughter has la grippe, my country cousin has the influenza, and my servant has a cold in the head.

A Strong-Minded View.

Mr. Meeke—The paper says the judge reserved his decision. I don't see why it is judges invariably put off deciding a point until the next day.

Mrs. Meeke—Huh! Judges have sense enough to want to consult their wives.

Correct Diagnosis.

Doctor—Good morning, Mr. Lover! What can I do for you?

Mr. Lover—I—I called, sir, to—to ask for the hand of—of your daughter.

Doctor—H'm! Appetite good?

Mr. Lover—Not very.

Doctor—How is your pulse?

Mr. Lover—Very rapid when—when I am with her. Very feeble when away.

Doctor—Troubled with palpitation?

Mr. Lover—Awfully, when I think of her.

Doctor—Take my daughter. You'll soon be cured. Ten dollars, please.

Notice to Our Readers.

We wish to call the attention of every reader of the Chicago Ledger to the advertisement of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy, which appears in this issue. Dr. J. W. Blosser, 27 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., the discoverer and proprietor, is a man of such character that his claims for the remedy and his promises may be relied upon in every particular.

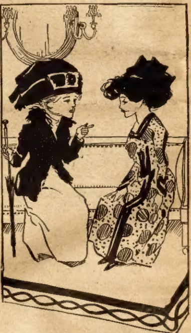
As he offers absolutely free a trial sample of his Catarrh Remedy, it is certainly well worth the while of every sufferer to write him and give the remedy a trial, at least to this extent. It is evident that unless the remedy was a good one he could not afford to make this offer.

Public Works.

American Taxpayer (traveling in Egypt)—What earthly use were all these monstrous pyramids? Why did the Egyptian Governments build them? That's what I can't understand.

American Statesman (after reflection)—Mebby there wor a divvy in 'em.

Too Tame.



Ella—I heard somebody say something about Mrs. Jones the other day.

Bella—Oh, what is it?

Ella—It isn't bad enough to repeat.

J. P.

Those suffering from weakness and lack of vigor should take JUVEN PILLS. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. Made by its originators, C. I. HOOD CO., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, LOWELL, MASS. (2)

Had Reached the Limit.

"Father says you can't come to see Edna any more," remarked the small boy to his big sister's admirer.

"W-why not?" stammered the young man in surprise.

"Because," explained the youngster, "he says you come every night in the week now, and it would be impossible to come any more. See?"

Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhœa, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple, harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. A. Hudnut South Bend, Indiana.

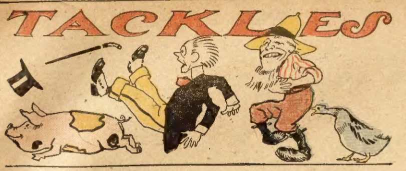
Those Ill-Natured People.

Clara (haughtily)—I went to the theater every night last week and had a different escort each time.

Rival Belle (vindictively)—You should be more cautious, my dear.

Clara—Cautious?

Rival Belle—Yes, my dear. Ill-natured people all over town are saying you can't get the same man to go with you twice.



INSOMNIA

Leads to Madness, if not Remedied in Time.

"Experiments satisfied me, some 5 years ago," writes a Topeka woman, "that coffee was the direct cause of the insomnia from which I suffered terribly, as well as the extreme nervousness and acute dyspepsia which made life a most painful thing for me.

"I had been a coffee drinker since childhood, and did not like to think that the beverage was doing me all this harm. But it was, and the time came when I had to face the fact, and protect myself. I therefore gave up coffee abruptly and absolutely, and adopted Postum for my hot drink at meals.

"I began to note improvement in my condition very soon after I took on Postum. The change proceeded gradually, but surely, and it was a matter of only a few weeks before I found myself entirely relieved—the nervousness passed away, my digestive apparatus was restored to normal efficiency, and I began to sleep, restfully and peacefully.

"These happy conditions have continued during all of the 5 years, and I am safe in saying that I owe them entirely to Postum, for when I began to drink it I ceased to use medicines." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Poetic Privilege.

The Merchant—Excuse me, sir, but, the price of the article purchased is 60 cents and you have given me 50.

The Poet—That's all right, my friend. Don't you know that it is a poet's first principle to leave something to the imagination.

To WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth; or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 200 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

An Embarrassing Question.

The teacher was describing the dolphin and its habits—"And, children," she said impressively, "a single dolphin will have two thousand offspring."

"Goodness!" gasped a little girl in the back row. "And how about married ones?"

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Spellbound.

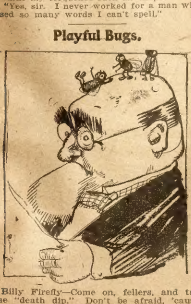
"Why don't you go on writing my speech?" said the orator.

"I'm spellbound," replied the typist.

"Has my eloquence such an effect?"

"Yes, sir. I never worked for a man who used so many words I can't spell."

Playful Bugs.



Billy Firefly—Come on, fellers, and try the "death dip." Don't be afraid, 'cause there's nice soft bushes at the bottom.

Exceedingly Rapid.

"Were the colors fast on the new goods you bought?"

"Fast? My dear, they fairly ran into one another, they were that fast."—Baltimore American.

Only Protection.

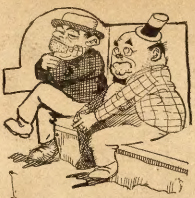
gette with a sigh, "I am shocked to see so many youngsters around here with soiled

"Ah, little boy," said the visiting suffra-

faces. Don't you know we suffragettes have promised to kiss every little boy that has a clean face?"

"Dat's why we are keeping dem soiled, mum," shouted the tough lad as he beat it down the alley.

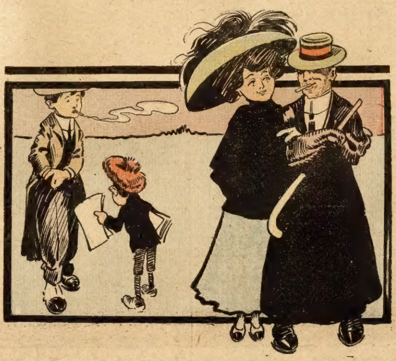
Unfeeling World.



First Hobo—Ain't it turrible how crool fadders sometimes drives deir children inter de cold world at an early age?

Second Hobo—My onnateral parent done it to me. He said I could eder work er starve an' turned me out. I was only 35, too.

THE ONLY ONE.



Floss—There's Earle over there. He has a suit for every day in the week, he says.
James—Yes, he's got it on now.

The Real Mourners.

The Bull Pup—How did you lose your tail, old man?

The Yellow Cur—In a trolley accident.

The Bull Pup—Do you miss it much?

The Yellow Cur—Not as much as the boys do who used to tie tin cans to it.

Joke on the Wolf.

Scribbles—I have just rented a house in the suburbs that has five entrances.

Dribbles—That was a wise move.

Scribbles—Why do you think so?

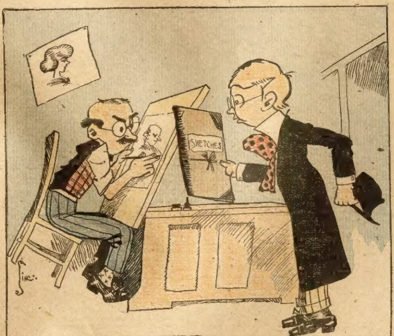
Dribbles—Well, five outside doors to a house ought to keep the wolf guessing for a while.

The Crucial Struggle.

"Pa, tell me about your and ma's early struggles, will you?"

"Ma, tell Dorothy about our honeymoon, I'm busy readin'."—Houston Post.

A HINT.



Mr. Nojob—Have you a good opening here for an artist?
Mr. Holdjob—Yes; you'd better try that one you just came through!

Why They Do It.

"Why do so many women rest their chins on their hands when they are trying to think?"

"To hold their mouths shut so that they won't disturb themselves."

Love's Young Dream.

Sweet Girl—Papa, Mr. Poorchap proposed to me last night, and I told him I would marry him, if you were willing.

Father—Send him about his business.

Sweet Girl—He hasn't any.

AGENTS WANTED

YOU CAN MAKE FROM $3 TO $12 A DAY

You need no experience because we teach you everything and help you to get started. If now employed, you can work for us in your spare time and make more money than your regular wages amount to. Write and let us show you our line. We have over 2000 patented articles, all fast sellers. Cannot be bought in stores.

WE WANT AGENTS In Every County In the State

We will point the way to you how to make from $150 to $200 per month. Our goods are fully guaranteed, and we refund all money to any purchaser not perfectly satisfied. We start honest men and women in business on our capital. Samples of best sellers FREE. Write to-day for agency.

THOMAS MFG CO 2517 Wayne Street DAYTON OHIO

AGENTS WANTED to sell pocket knives with name and photo on handle; write for terms. Morris Cutlery Co., Morris, Ill., P.O. Box A

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Express Paid. Terms Free. HERBENE AGENCY Co., Box 282, Sta'n L, New York

AGENTS—$75 monthly. Combination Rolling Pin. NINE ARTICLES COMBINED. Lightning seller. Sample Free. FORSHEE MFG. CO., Box 800, DAYTON, O.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. Year's contract. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., Dept. 67, Parsons, Kansas

MEN WANTED QUICKLY By big Chicago mail order house to distribute catalogues, advertise, $21 weekly; liberal expense allowance. MANAGER, 1210 State Street, Chicago.

$1500.00 A YEAR FOR LOCAL REPRESENTATIVES Last year 577 Agents made over $1500.00 each selling our wonderful everlasting COOKING UTENSILS. An excellent proposition for high-class agents. Write tonight. American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Dept. 1, Lemont, Ill.

WE PAY $80 A MONTH SALARY and furnish rig and all expenses to introduce poultry and stock powders; new plan; steady work. Address BIGLER COMPANY, X418 SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

SOMETHING NEW; nothing like it. Dan Patch Hoof Plate sells on sight to every horse owner. Big profits. Sample pair 85 cts; circular free. DAN PATCH HOOF PLATE CO., 731 4th Street So., Minneapolis, Minn.

Sell Tobacco and Cigars

Locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Experience unnecessary—we give full instructions. Address HOBOTOCK TOBACCO WORKS, Box H12 DANVILLE VIRGINIA

PORTRAIT AGENTS WANTED.

Guaranteed Crayons size 16x20 40c. Frames at your own price. 30 days' credit, samples free. We are not in the picture and frame trust. We own a large frame factory and sell at one-half the price portrait companies can. Our business established 25 years. We can give you steady employment. Our big wholesale art catalog with confidential prices and instructions mailed free to agents. WILLIAMS PICTURE & FRAME CO., 2505 Taylor St., CHICAGO.

WE OFFER YOU A POSITION.

We want 250 men right away. Must have them and will pay good money—$3.00 to $5.00 a day guaranteed according to class of work. YOU NEED NO MONEY. Everything done on our capital. You deliver our goods and collect. A BIG opportunity. Write today for free plans, sample outfits, etc. All free. G. H. GROUNDS, Manager, 1027 W. Adams Street, Dept. 4149, Chicago, Ill.

MEN WANTED in every locality in the United States to make $20 per week and $3 per day expenses advertising our goods, posting up show cards in all conspicuous places and generally representing us. Steady work to right men. No experience required. Write for particulars.

Royal Remedy Co., London, Ont., Canada.

MAKE MORE MONEY

Men and women can increase their income working for me. Best proposition ever offered to agents. No capital needed—no risk taken—supplies furnished free—easy, pleasant work—experience not necessary—position permanent—$5.00 to $10.00 a day easily made—a legitimate, high class proposition. Particulars and samples free. Write to-day.

EDWARD BALCH. 432 Dearborn Ave., Chicago.

AGENTS—My Sanitary Coffee and Tea Makers produce a pure, sweet cup. Needs no settler nor strainer and never wears out. Saves tea and coffee, money and health. Every wife buys at sight. New inventions. Send 15c for 50c size of either, postpaid, or will send sample of both for 25c. Without question the two best selling articles ever invented. Order both.

COFFEE MAKER TEA MAKER

Dr. Lyons, 1457 Day St., Pekin, Ill.

MAKE MONEY EASY.

Agents wanted in every county to sell the popular Novelty Knives, with name, address, photo, lodge emblem, etc., on handle. Send stamp for catalog. AGENTS EARN $75 to $300 A MONTH. (We show you how.)

Big profits—quick sales—exclusive territory. Write quick for our liberal money making special offer to agents. Our new self-sharpening scissors are the quickest sellers for lady agents. NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 23 BAR STREET., CANTON, O.

BIG MAIL FREE!

POST OFFICE

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST, INDIANA, Indiana County, PENNA.

ELGIN WATCHES ON CREDIT

SPECIAL THIS MONTH 17-Jewel Elgin $14.50

Let Me Send You This High-Grade 17-Jewel, Genuine Elgin, in Hand-Engraved Case on

Free Trial

If It Suits You Pay Only $2 A Month

☞ You assume no risk whatever in dealing with us, because before you buy or pay one cent, we place the watch right in your own hands and let it do it's own talking.

We Ask No Security and No Interest—just plain honesty among men. Our Elgin Watches are so well known and our CREDIT PLAN so easy, that no matter where you live or how small your wages, WE WILL TRUST YOU, so that you and every honest man and woman can own a Diamond or High-Grade Elgin Watch in a beautiful Guaranteed 25-year Gold Case and wear it while paying for it in such small payments that you never miss the money. WRITE TODAY FOR OUR BIG FREE WATCH AND JEWELRY CATALOG. It tells all about our easy credit plan and how we send Elgin 19-Jewel B. W. Raymond and 21 and 23-Jewel Elgin Veritas everywhere on Free Trial without security or one cent deposit. Positively Guaranteed to Pass Any Railroad Inspection. HARRIS-GOAR CO. 1466 Walnut St., KANSAS CITY, MO.

ELGIN WATCHES LEAD THE WORLD

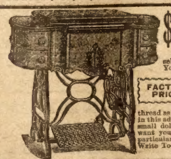
POULTRY PAPER FREE

COMMERCIAL POULTRY, a journal devoted to the culture of poultry. Issued monthly. Every number contains valuable information for poultrymen. Its articles are prepared by men who have made a success of raising poultry. They tell the reader, in these articles, how to produce the best results with the smallest expenditure. Don't take our word for this. Send for a sample copy and see for yourself. Write to Commercial Poultry Co., Dept. 23, Marseilles, Ill.

MORPHINE Before you pay a cent, we will convince you that Manino permanently cures any drug habit. Guaranteed not to contain Morphine, Laudanum, Opium or any other habit forming drug. No money required in advance, a full month's treatment sent to those afflicted without one cent of deposit. Manino has cured thousands, it will cure you. Give it a free trial. You are to be the sole judge. Address

Manino Medicine Co.
3218 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

FREE ON APPROVAL



$1.00 A MONTH BUYS THIS SEWING MACHINE.

We will sell you a high-grade, drop-head, Sew Easy Sewing Machine for $1.00 a month. We guarantee each machine for Ten years. We ship direct from the factory. We do not sell to stores and we have no agents. We can save you fully one-half. You get the machine at once and use it while you are paying for it and it only costs you about 3 cents a day. We have many special features in our machine such as short needles which don't break easily. Our shuttles hold half again as much thread as the old spring tension shuttle. We can't tell all the good points in this advertisement, and we couldn't afford to send you a machine on the small dollar a month plan unless we gave big value and low prices. We want you to write us today, saying: "Please send me circulars and full particulars about your 'dollar a month' Sewing Machine offer."

FACTORY PRICES

SAVE FULLY ONE HALF

Write Today. Address SHEFFIELD MFG., CO.,
Dept. 5, 1421 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo

EXPRESS PRE-PAID
STRAIGHT KENTUCKY WHISKEY
ELK SIDE
AGED IN BOND
100 PROOF
STRAIGHT KENTUCKY WHISKEY
GUARANTEED BY US UNDER NATIONAL PURE FOOD LAW JUNE 30 1906
IMPERIAL DIST. CO KANSAS CITY MO.

12 Full Bottles ELK SIDE Straight Kentucky Whiskey →100 PROOF← $4.50

Express Charges Prepaid

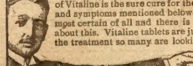
This offer is bringing us thousands of new regular whiskey customers, for never before in the history of the whiskey business has it been equaled. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We want to prove to you what a rich, pure and delicious whiskey this really is.

Send us $4.50 and we will at once send 12 Full 16-oz. Bottles of our pure, mellow 100-Proof Straight ELK SIDE KENTUCKY WHISKEY, express prepaid, guaranteed by us under the National Pure Food Law and pronounced by competent judges to be the finest, the most wholesome and most delicious whiskey ever distilled. Remember this is not a blend, compound or imitation, but a pure, straight, 100-Proof whiskey and guaranteed so. This is the same fully matured whiskey which is so highly recommended by physicians for medicinal purposes on account of its purity and full strength. No better whiskey to be had.

After you receive the whiskey and drink one full bottle and put it to any test you desire, if you do not say that it is the finest whiskey you ever tasted, regardless of price, you may return the other eleven bottles and we will promptly refund your money without a question. Remember, we guarantee every bottle of Elk Side Whiskey to be 100-Proof. It is not the weak, watery kind, but is of full strength. All shipments made same day order is received. Make remittance payable to

Imperial Dist. Co., 547-0 Delaware St., Kansas City, Mo.

FREE Dollar Bottle Vitaline
YOU PAY NOTHING FOR IT



Dr. Rainey says: "My scientific formula of Vitaline is the sure cure for the diseases and symptoms mentioned below—it's the most certain of all and there is no doubt about this. Vitaline tablets are just the treatment so many are looking for, what they should have and must have to be made strong, vigorous and healthy. It makes no difference how weak you are nor how long you have had your trouble, Vitaline tablets will easily overcome it—they will not fail nor disappoint you.

NERVOUS WEAKNESS, DEBILITY—Lost Vitality, Nervousness, Weakness, Twitching, Jerking, Easily Excited, Wornout Feeling, Weak, Aching Back, Lack of Strength, Energy or Ambition, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Bashful, Restless at Night, Despondent.

STOMACH TROUBLES—Pain in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bad Taste or Breath, Sick Headache, Bloated, Heartburn, Sour Belching, Spitting Up, Catarrh, Gas, Gnawing, Nervousness.

HEART WEAKNESS—Fluttering, Skipping, Palpitation, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold or Dizzy Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in Excitement or Exertion.

CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running Watery or Yellowish Matter or Stopped Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness; Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels may be Catarrh.

BLOOD TROUBLES—General Debility, Paleness, Thin, Weak, Run-Down, Nervous, Rash, Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Chilly or Feverish, Loss of Flesh and Strength.

MAKES STRENGTH AND HEALTH
WRITE TO-DAY

FILL COUPON BELOW by writing your name and address. Send just 10c in stamps or coin to get the bottle packed and pay postage. This is all you have to do to get a $1 bottle of Vitaline Tablets free. We give you the $1 bottle without cost or obligation to prove what a wonderful remedy Vitaline Tablets are. We know when you have taken them you'll say with a glad heart that you have at last found the right medicine.

Vitaline tablets act on the Vital Organs that generate vitality and create the nerve force which makes one feel strong, vigorous and healthy, equal to all the duties and pleasures of robust strength and health. They give you vigor and vitality every day and restore you so fast and completely you never know there was anything the matter.

Vitaline tablets are guaranteed by us under the U. S. Pure Food and Drugs Law by Guarantee No. 3877. You never had anything like them, combining their wonderful curing and strengthening powers.

We send you our illustrated book, "Vitality." You have never seen one like it. Our testimonials from people cured after ten to forty years of doctoring will convince you of all we claim for Vitaline tablets.

Exact size of Bottle containing 120 Vitaline tablets.

ENCLOSE 10 CENTS IN STAMPS OR COIN, for Postage, Packing, Etc.

Dr. Rainey Medicine Co., Dept. 46 152 Lake Street, Chicago. I enclose amount for postage and packing. Send at once by mail in plain package, $1.00 bottle Vitaline Tablets, without cost or obligation to me.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

The Black Phantom.

(Continued from page seven.)

what was it she saw sticking up over the topmost edge, as if peeping at her? It could be nothing but the end of some bush, she concluded. But it looked very much like the tip end of an eagle's feather. It was not quite like the foliage of the bush beside it.

If an Indian was concealed behind the boulder, as Wenona feared, she might expect an arrow at any moment; unless he was disposed to wait till he had heard her explanation. Anything was better than suspense, and the girl, knowing she was as safe in doing so as in standing where she was, boldly approached the boulder. She did not peep behind it, she walked up to it and looked calmly. Big Wolf rose up suddenly from his crouching attitude. Had Wenona's training been that of the white race she must have screamed or fainted at sight of the ferocious savage. Big Wolf hated the white girl, though the rest of the tribe now looked upon her as one of themselves. He hated all palefaces with a hatred which far exceeded that of any of his people. It was his nature to hate.

"Why does my red brother skulk?" she asked in the Indian tongue. And every word was as clear as a bell, and dropped slowly and musically from her lips.

Big Wolf, whose English was even more broken than hers, and who never used it to one understanding his own language, replied:

"I am hunting for white sister, who skulks also. White sister, who is all white, though she has eaten of the parched corn and venison of the red men."

"And why should Big Wolf, who has better work to do, hunt for Wenona, whom he pleases to call white, though the winds and sun of all her life have made her skin as his? Is not Wenona able to take care of herself on the mountain side?"

"Wenona is not to be trusted. She would go to white people."

"White people!" and Wenona feigned surprise. "Did not the massacre take place last night as planned?"

"Humph!" grunted the Indian in disgust. "The wagons moved on, round the bend in the mountain," and he designated the direction with a sweep of his arm. This information Wenona was glad to obtain. "Two miles," he added. "Too few braves go, for squaws turn in and help. The Indians were beaten, and returned with over half their number slain. Big Wolf will go tonight. He will be a great chief some day."

"And you didn't go to fight the palefaces last night?" asked Wenona in disgusted surprise. "Where were you that you shirked your share of fighting?"

"Out with the party that was hunting the mountains for Wenona and white prisoner."

"Humph! Hunting squaws! Does Big Wolf expect to be a great chief in that way?"

An angry flush mounted to the forehead of the wrathful Indian. The single eagle feather quivered in his headdress. His hand sought the helve of his tomahawk.

Wenona made a gesture of impatience.

"Would the great chief-to-be make war on a squaw also?" And another grunt of disgust angered still further the Indian who was the bully of his tribe.

"Where is the captive?" he demanded.

"Her people came while Wenona was after water and cut her bonds. I followed her into the forest. See, I am armed," and she showed the knife she carried, and placed her hand on the tomahawk in her belt, and did not remove it again. "I dared not tell," she continued. "I meant to bring her back and they never know. But I have not found her. I am still looking. I will come to the tepees when I have discovered her hiding place."

"Is my sister not hungry?" There was a note of sarcasm in the voice.

"Wenona killed a rabbit and cooked it," she answered. "She never misses with the tomahawk," she added, significantly, her eyes flashing defiance into his, for she saw from the first that Big Wolf did not believe her story.

"My brother will help hunt for white captive?" she said questioningly. "He will go that way," pointing in the direction opposite to where she expected to meet with the Black Phantom. "I must go now."

"Humph! not so! My sister will go with me to the wigwams of my people. They will judge her as her conduct deserves; and will deal with her as they see fit."

Wenona raised her arm and pointed toward the Indian village.

"Waste no more time with squaws," she said, "but go and do a man's work. Or else bring fire-wood and help the squaws cook."

It was her purpose to goad him to the highest pitch. She was still pointing with her left hand, in which gleamed the knife, while her right had a firm grip upon the tomahawk.

"Go!" she hissed.

Big Wolf, blinded by rage, sprang toward her, and drew the tomahawk from his belt. It was leveled at her head when her own weapon left her hand, for she had been ready, and was also quicker than he. His skull was cleft with the force of the blow, and the hatchet left quivering in his brain. She caught the one that fell from his hand, and bounded away up the mountain side; for the death-yell of Big Wolf was answered by several savage throats down in the valley.

If she could find a hiding place secure enough, they would never suspect her. Such a place was found, and to her dismay it was found to be secure enough. For she discovered that, like Bessie, she was shut in from the outside world, unless other hands rescued her. For in rushing through a thicket, hoping to get out of sight before Big Wolf's cry had brought his companions down upon her, she stumbled and fell; and to her amazement, the rock against which she fell, moved away from her slowly, but surely, and she was precipitated inside the opening it left in the mountain side.

Though she did not understand it, she had touched the secret spring that opened the hermit's cave; and as the impetus of her fall sent her clear of the doorway, the stone rolled back, and left her a prisoner within. She was glad enough of this escape from the danger that menaced her, for the spot where the deed had been committed would soon be swarming with redskins, and a close search would be made for the slayer of Big Wolf. And where could she have hidden from their wrath, if chance had not favored her?

If they found her now it meant death, for they would know her for the traitor she was.

But she had no fear now that they would find her. Her only concern was that she might never get out. And Bessie Hill was shut up as securely behind the fall, her only hope of succor being the safe return of the Indian maiden. And if she found it impossible to escape from this place, they would both die of starvation, and alone—without even the companionship of the other. Her bones would bleach here in the darkness, and Bessie's in the place where she had left her. To meet the same fate, and yet apart!

But Wenona was a brave girl, and her spirits began to rally. She would not give up so easily. She would accept this accident as a piece of good fortune that had saved her from capture, and the wrath of her adopted people.

She sat up and gazed around her. She had no matches, like Ben, to enable her to investigate her surroundings. She crawled forward on her hands and knees and found the stairway of rude stone steps, or rather, steps rudely hewn into the stone, that Ben had discovered with the aid of the matches he carried. And like a light breaking in on her brain, it came to her suddenly that she was in the stronghold of the hermit, whom she had hoped to encounter. She had no doubt of it whatever, when once the thought occurred to her. She was elated now, and even Bessie was forgotten.

Her father, her own father inhabited this place! And it was to avenge the loss of his loved ones that he had lived here so long. She would see him now, she would wait until he came. He never failed to be in the cave at sunset to tantalize the Indians who gathered at the base of the cliff at that hour. She would stand there with him tonight! How furious they would be when they found he had got back his own at last. And that for the life of her mother they had paid with the lives of several hundred braves. She even gloried in the fact that she had herself slain one of their number before she escaped from their clutches. And such a deed as it was—to slay Big Wolf, the most ferocious and enterprising Indian of them all! the first in all deviltry where whites were concerned, and the last to relinquish the chase. For in spite of the taunts she had flung at him, Wenona knew he was brave and fearless, and utterly without mercy. She could not help being glad that he was dead—that she had killed him before she left them forever, for the sake of other captives which might fall into their hands.

Forever! Yes, she knew she was never going back—except for Bessie. She began to remember her now.

She had been in the darkness till her eyes were growing accustomed to it, and she could see better now. She managed to mount the steps, feeling her way as she toiled upward. She had some trouble in making the turns, but they were all made at last; and finally she found herself standing in a large chamber, lighted by a torch stuck in a crevice of the rock.

She stood for a moment blinking in the sudden light, till it no longer blinded her. Then she looked about the room.

Before her, watching her movements, and looking expectantly into her face, something of the truth dawning upon him (for he had heard of the claims of this girl from Robert) stood an old man—the hermit.

Wenona perceived him, and impulsively stretching out her arms to him, she cried:

"Father!"

CHAPTER XIV.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

After Robert Hamlin had told him of Wenona's story, Mark Ashton, the hermit of the mountains, did not doubt that this dusky-skinned maiden was his daughter. Not once until he had heard of this white girl, who had been with the Indians since infancy, had the thought come to him that the child might have been saved. He knew it was held in it's mother's arms at the stake. He had seen the head of the woman droop on her breast when the bullet that saved her from the flames had done its work. Then he had covered his face with

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his hands and rushed away. He was mad for the time being—he was not sure he had gotten over it yet. He was still mad on that one subject—the slaughter of Indians

He had known nothing for a while, after the fatal deed, but when he came to himself he was climbing furiously up the side of the mountain, his one aim being to get away from the awful sight of his wife and child in the flames, even though he believed life to be extinct in their bodies.

And then he had stumbled into this place, much as Wenona had done. But all that took place afterward is another story. Now his daughter—his baby, the infant Nellie, was standing here with outstretched arm calling him father. She had been near him all these years, and he had not known it—had not rescued her. The thought overpowered him (and he broke down and wept like a child. Indeed, they wept together, in each other's arms; the first tears that either had ever shed. For the burning, revengeful thoughts in the brain of the husband and father, who had lost his dear ones by the cruelty of the Indians, had dried up the tears Nature had furnished him with. And the girl had been brought up to stoical ways and self-command.

"Nellie!" he said, as he gathered the willing girl in his arms. "Nellie, my baby—the child of my lost Lenore. So near me all these years, and I not to know! What unkind fate has kept us apart?"

Wenona, in her broken English, tried to soothe him

"We never be apart any more," she said. 'Wenona will stand tonight with hermit on rocky platform. Make red men furious, they see white man has got back his baby. They no get her again."

"No, no! they shall never get you again, my child! Never! With heaven's help I will take you safely from this place. Wenona! is that the name they gave you? An Indian name! You are Nellie—my little Nellie, my baby! who could scarcely lisp the name of father!"

And again this young, old man; this old-looking man, who was still young in years, covered his face with his hands and wept. And some of the bitterness of his heart passed away. The revengeful spirit died out, washed away with the tears he was allowed to shed.

"And now tell me, my daughter, how was it possible for you to grow up under my very eyes, and I not know of your existence?"

"They take me away first year; the tribe separate, some go, some stay here. When they bring me back to tepees they keep me close, very close. I little, and not know. But I hear squaws tell that since, when they think I not hear. They say father of white girl live in cave; they stay here in hopes to kill him some day. But he kill Indians, lots of them. Then they furious, they bound to stay till they get him."

She threw back her head and laughed.

"They never get him! He get them! Wenona not find him either. She try, but they watch her close. Tell me of my mother!"

"Not now, child. Some other time. I cannot talk of your mother yet."

And then Wenona told him of the white girl she had hidden behind the waterfall, and of her desire to rescue her

"Ah, Bessie Hill! I had promised Robert Hamlin, who came here somewhat as you came, to search for you, and his sweetheart, who escaped with you. I took him to the camp of his people last night. But I could do nothing today until dusk, because I am never seen in the character of the Black Phantom except at that hour. And it is only in that disguise that I could accomplish anything."

"The Black Phantom! You! My father! You the Black Phantom, whom they reverence and fear, and the hermit, whom they hate, and have sworn to kill! Ah, if they knew you would not be safe a minute! And I have seen you every day, and did not know!'

Wenona's English was more broken than has been rendered, perhaps; but in her association with Bessie, and the short time she had been with her father she had heard more of the language than in all her life before, and she was picking up its usage rapidly. The squaws sometimes talked in broken English: otherwise, she had heard only the Indian tongue. The red men never condescended to speak the white man's language among themselves. It was only when talking with some scout or trader that they used what English words they knew.

"Ah, I know I would not be safe if they knew my identity," Mark Ashton replied in answer to his daughter's words. 'But they shall not know, my child. There is no way by which they can discover it after these long years. And you and I will both ride to the rescue of the emigrant maid. I will bring her here, and leave you together in this cave. For the wagons will be attacked tonight in such force that not even the scout could save them."

"And how reach Bessie?" Wenona began.

"I will take you under my cloak that black drapery that has inspired the savages with awe, and which I inherited from the former inhabitant of this place. It is ample enough to hide you. After the usual parade we will disappear in the wood.

'You will have to rescue your friend, Nellie, for your old father could not shoot through those falls, I fear, in a birch-bark canoe. The whirlpool would suck the little craft and the old man down into its depths."

"White man not old!" exclaimed the girl. "Only white hair—much trouble!"

"White man!" he repeated, with a laugh, "and white girl, too—Nellie Ashton—only sun on her cheeks, and sunburn on her hair!" And he reached a caressing hand and stroked the dark cheek of his daughter. He was almost boyish in his glee.

"Tonight we will stand together, child, and hurl defiance at the red devils. What a triumph!"

Then Wenona related her adventure with Big Wolf, how she had goaded him with her taunts to attack her, because to kill him was the only way to escape being retaken, and Bessie left to die in the cave. She was too much white girl, she told him, to kill the Indian except in fair fight.

The hermit smiled. A fair fight, but one she had provoked. But it was all right in his eyes. It was a great relief to him to know that Big Wolf was dead. And he believed his child owed that much to the race that had spoiled her girlhood, and deprived her of her mother.

He commended the act, and then, after offering her refreshments, showed her about the place. Then they arranged the drapery belonging to his disguise so as to cover her slender figure and that of Bessie, when they should have rescued her. They were obliged to wait till dusk, the usual hour of the phantom's appearance. And so, when sunset came, Wenona—she is still Wenona to us, though to Mark Ashton, the father, she is little Nellie, the baby girl—stood beside her father on the platform of rock, high up the face of the cliff, where the scout and Ben Sheldon had seen the hermit stand on the first evening of their arrival.

It was with a wild, exuberance of spirits that Wenona stood with her father at sunset and waved defiance down at the Indians gathered at the base of the cliff below her. She danced in her glee, and gesticulated wildly. And even pointed to her bosom, as if inviting an arrow, which they knew was done in mockery. She desired them to see they had not won her affections in the years that she had been forced to live with them. But instead had but gained her hatred. She provoked a shower of arrows, which the savages knew, from long experience, to be worse than useless, except to demonstrate their feelings. And the shouts that floated up to her told of their hatred and chagrin.

The redskins knew that the white, Indian-bred girl had, despite their precautions, found her father at last; and could they have laid their hands on her they would have torn her limb from limb. They believed she had restored Bessie Hill to her people, and consoled themselves with the promise of taking her scalp that very night, when in greater numbers, they meant to attack the emigrants.

But the crowning act of this wild girl was to fling down to them Big Wolf's tomahawk, which she knew would be recognized as such.

The fiendish yell that greeted her ears, told her the slayer of Big Wolf was known. She had paid them for the captivity she had endured; she had struck the tribe a severe blow, for in leadership, savage cruelty and courage, and dare-deviltry, his like was not easily found.

It was all a mad half-hour of pure demoniac glee, that Wenona spent upon the rock, safely out of reach of the vengeance of the hated red men—a half-hour in which she got rid of some of the savagery imbued from the nature of her surroundings and associates. And it gratified her to know how helpless they felt themselves to be where the power to harm either herself or her father was concerned.

But now they were weary of the sport, for sport it was to them, their whole souls being thrown into the desire to tantalize the Indians, who had done them so much injury. They withdrew from the sight of their enemies, and went below to prepare for the appearance of the Black Phantom. The hermit knew the Indians had all repaired to the village to await his coming. What a travesty! If they had only known!

This time, beneath his flowing robes, he bore his daughter, whom they would have given anything to regain. A death of torture would have been deemed too good for Wenona, had the savages got hold of her once more. But safe in the midst of danger she rode with her parent into the little glade in sight of the village of tepees.

It was necessary that the same maneuvers, as usual, should be gone through with. Wenona, who could not behold the group of awe-stricken savages because of the covering she was obliged to hide beneath, could see it all with her mind's eye, having been a witness to it so many times. They both knew that when the black steed and its rider withdrew into the gloom of the forest, they would not be watched, nor their movements spied upon, as they were supposed by the Indians to be supernatural and to melt into air. Therefore, when they were out of sight Wenona could take the reins and guide the steed to the mountain stream; and while he waited by its brink, she would go and rescue Bessie from her prison. Poor Bessie! she had been all day alone, not knowing the outcome.

This plan was carried out. When Wenona entered the cave she found Bessie sitting before the fire, staring into its depths, her hands clasped over her knees. She looked dazed, and could hardly believe the evidence of her own eyes, when Wenona stepped into the light.

She sprang to her feet with an exclamation of joy. The hours had seemed so long!

"Ah! you have come!" she cried. "You said you would! You knew better than I. I did not think you would—that you could: I feared they would recapture, and perhaps torture you to death. You do not know what I have suffered in imagination. Oh, it was horrible! But you are here. What have you accomplished?"

"Black Phantom awaits. Come!"

Bessie needed no second bidding. But the other could see she was burning with curiosity, and added.

"Wenona found father. She find Big Wolf first, he spy on her. She kill Big Wolf with tomahawk, then she flee and run into cave. She find hermit there. He Black Phantom, too. He wait. Come!"

Bessie lost no time in obeying. She was not so fearful now that Wenona could not successfully shoot through the fall of water. And she was eager now to leave the place. But both girls glanced around gratefully as if to say farewell to the place that had safely sheltered them from danger

"There was never another hiding place like it," said Bessie, "never one quite so safe from intrusion. Wenona, you are a wonder to think of it!"

"Humph!" grunted Wenona, otherwise, Nellie Ashton.

They left the fire to burn itself out on the floor of rock, and entered the canoe. They rowed down the stream till they came to the place where they had embarked; and Wenona hid the canoe from force of habit. Here they found the Black Phantom awaiting them; and hidden beneath the ample flowing robes of the man who, for so long

(Continued on page fifteen.)

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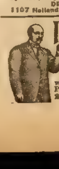

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CHAPTER XIII.
FACING A MEAN CROWD.

WHEN Roger Roderick came out of his swoon underneath the body of the panther, he found Carl and Jackstraw standing over him.

"It seems to have been a pretty close call," said Carl with a smile as he gazed into Roger's wondering eyes.

The boy rolled the carcass from above him and sprang upon his feet.

"I thought I was done for," said he. "The beast must have come down the chimney."

"We found the door barricaded and got in through the window, Jackstraw first. The boy wonder finished the animal with his knife and I didn't even get a hand in the game."

In a short time a light was blazing on the hearth, and Carl told the story of his escape from the clutches of the Dirty Dozen, and especially from Sim Turner, who had fallen before Jackstraw's rifle, as we have already seen.

"What became of the black fox pelt?" anxiously asked Roger.

"That is still in the hands of the gang," was the reply.

"It is too bad," said Roger. "It is too valuable to leave in their clutches."

"We will try to wrest it from them," Carl answered with spirit. "At present we must protect ourselves from them."

Thereupon Roger related his interview with Captain Selkirk, and both Carl and the forest waif listened with rising indignation.

"I've no doubt," said the former, "that we will have the whole precious gang down upon us. They will want revenge for the death of Sim Turner, and, led by Captain Selkirk himself, we will soon have our hands full looking after our own safety. No, Roger, we will not forget the fox pelt. The recovery of that will come later."

The next day and the one following, passing without incident, the young trappers concluded to go to Rosebud for some needed supplies. Jackstraw had returned to the forest, promising to turn up occasionally, and the boys had warned him to keep a sharp lookout for the Dirty Dozen.

Rosebud was a little settlement which supported a postoffice, two stores and a dozen houses. Its people had little in common, and for the most part were small land holders who had come from different parts of the Union.

It was not the first time the young trappers had been to the town, so they made their way to the largest stores and began to do their trading.

While Carl was selecting some necessaries of life, a man strode into the place and looked curiously at him.

"I say," said this individual, who was a large man, in common garb, and carried a rifle, "aren't you the boy who outshot Sim Turner at the shooting match at Tumble-In?"

"I won the prize there," was the reply. "I am Carl Main."

"I thought so," rejoined the stranger. "I was there myself. You shoot well for a boy."

Carl did not like his looks, but made no reply to these words.

Presently another man sauntered into the store and in a moment he was followed by two more.

Carl exchanged looks with Roger and turned toward the door.

"Don't be in a hurry," said the first man. "We have some business with you."

"How with us?" exclaimed the youth. "We do not know you men."

"But you may soon enough."

These words were uttered with a malignant snarl, and the next instant the proprietor of the place uttered a cry and vanished through a door at the end of the room.

That they were in peril, Carl and Roger now saw at a glance

They drew together and looked at the menacing faces of the men.

"You live on Crow Wing River, eh?" asked one of the group.

"Yes, sir."

"You live in the cabin near the hill?"

"That is our home."

"Don't you know that you've been warned to leave?"

"We have been both warned and threatened," replied Carl, as he gazed into the face before him. "We are molesting no one——"

"But you're on our ground," was the interruption.

"I thought the wilderness was free to all who behaved themselves. We came hither to trap——"

"It matters not why you came!" broke in the spokesman for the party. "You've had your orders."

The boys did not reply.

"We're here to execute the law of the wilderness," continued the big man. "We're not going to waste any more words on you."

The boys had not come to the village unarmed, but had brought their weapons along. These they had stood against the counter upon entering the store, and they were within arms' reach.

Quick as a flash they were in the hands of their young owners, who stepped clear of the group and presented a show of determined bravery.

"We are not here for trouble," said Roger as he faced the outlaws. "We do not seek it, but understand that we shall defend ourselves."

"Ho! ho! You're going to put up a fight, eh?"

"We are going to protect ourselves," was the answer. "This is a free country——"

"Yes, it may be elsewhere, but we allow no young interlopers in this neck of the woods."

Coolly, Carl and Roger backed down the room still facing the roughs, and presenting their rifles in their very faces.

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed one. "I believe the young rats will fight."

"You have but to try us!" cried Carl.

The men looked at one another and remained silent for a moment.

Evidently they had not looked for this resistance on the part of the boys. They had hoped to frighten them into submission, but this unexpected refusal to give in seemed to nonplus them.

"Will ye go away if we let you out?" ventured one of the men compromisingly.

"We make no promises," replied Carl.

"Then finish the young rats where they are!" said a voice behind the speaker.

"Try it, sirs!" exclaimed Roger at this juncture. "Cover the rascals, Carl," and the next instant the rifles of the young trappers were planted against their shoulders and the muzzles looked defiantly into the faces of the gang.

"You assault us at your own peril," continued Roger, as his eyes coolly met the blazing orbs that glittered in the heads of the outlaws. "We shall defend ourselves to the bitter end."

The scoundrels looked at one another and seemed to hesitate.

In another minute they had lost the game.

The door behind them had opened, and a strange grunt was heard.

All looked in that direction, and beheld, in the doorway, a tall Indian, whose dark eyes seemed to take in the whole situation.

The Sioux remained motionless where he had halted, but his gaze fell upon the young trappers, who still covered the outlaws with their rifles.

"It is Blue Bird's father," whispered Carl to his companion. "The old chief don't like the outlaws, from his looks."

The assembled ruffians recoiled from the fierce glance of the Indian. They slowly slipped to one side, leaving the way clear from the door to the young trappers.

"What happened?" asked the Indian as he slowly advanced, still looking at the boys.

"We were having a little difficulty with those men yonder," answered Roger.

The gaze of the Sioux wandered to the outlaws.

"What makes white men oppress the little trappers?" he inquired.

"They're on our ground," sullenly replied the leader of the outlaws.

"Who gave the white men the wilderness?" demanded the chief as he drew himself to his kingly height.

"It's our hunting ground, anyway," was the retort.

"White men get it from the Great Spirit or from the Great Father at Washington?"

"Never mind who we got it from," was the spiteful hiss. "It's our ground just the same."

Slowly the Indian moved on till his figure was posed in front of the boys. He glared at the rascals with the mien of a wild beast about to spring, and his hand clutched his rifle menacingly.

"The white robbers must leave the young hunters alone!" he commanded. "They have a right to the game along the rivers and in the heart of the forest."

"We dispute that right."

The Indian made no answer. Slowly his hand rose till it pointed toward the door. The ruffians understood. They threw into their looks all the hatred they were capable of loosing and slowly walked forward.

The Sioux remained in the middle of the room like a king of the backwoods. His eagle eye never for a moment left the robbers of the wilderness.

As the last man—the leader of the group—gained the door, he paused and shot out his dark clenched fist.

"This is not the end of the fight!" he hissed. "The young foxes must go. Not even the great chief of the Sioux shall protect them."

For half a second it seemed that the savage would launch himself upon the speaker, but the light of vengeance suddenly left his eyes and he turned toward the boys.

"Bad white men gone now," said he. "Black Panther came just in time to see the outlaws ready to fight the young trappers."

"For which we thank you, chief," cried Carl. "Shall we leave the wilderness at the command of the Dirty Dozen?"

"Go not!" returned the Sioux. "Stay! The wilderness is as much yours as theirs. Go back to your cabin. Hunt the wild game in the woods. The White Sioux will come to drive you away, but resist him."

"Who is the White Sioux?" asked Roger.

"He came from the land of the rising sun," was the answer. "He thinks he rules the Indians, but Black Panther has a will of his own. This will the White Sioux can neither bend nor break. The wolves of the wilderness will seek you again, white boys. They will come when you look not for them."

Black Panther, at the end of his sentence, held out his dark hand, which the boys grasped, and in another minute the chief of the Sioux had walked haughtily from the frontier store.

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Presently the door at the end of the room opened and the white-faced proprietor made his appearance.

"Are they gone?" he asked in trembling accents.

"Yes," answered Carl, who detested the coward. "Now, please to make out our bill and we will go."

This the storekeeper did with shaking hands, and presently Carl and Roger had turned their faces once more homeward.

CHAPTER XIV.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

The two boys had barely reached home after their exciting encounter with the Dirty Dozen at the store in Rosebud, than they were called upon to face a man whom they had never seen before.

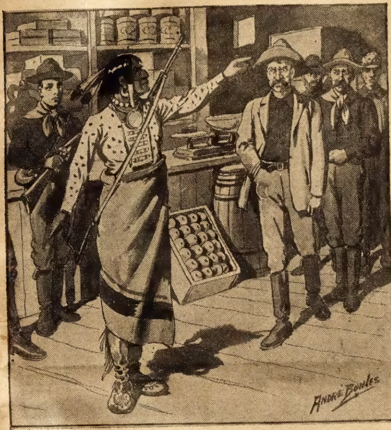
He was a person past fifty, and as he entered the cabin near the river, he threw upon the floor a sack, from which rolled several muskrats and a skunk.

This proved that he was a trapper, and the boys were eager to interrogate him.

"I'm Tom Pushkin," said the man, who looked as if he had come from a great distance. "I've been trapping up on Little Otter Creek, but game there is scarce. Plenty here, I presume?"

As he finished, he deliberately took from his pocket a pipe, which he began to fill.

Carl and Roger did not like the looks of the man.



His hand pointed towards the door.

"I'm going to try Crow Wing River," the fellow went on. "Looks like good trapping ground here."

Carl replied that there was some game in the region, whereupon Pushkin flushed up, and exclaimed:

"Of course, you chaps would lie about that," saying which he began to show his teeth. "I don't intend to let two young rats like you cheat me out of my share of sport."

Roger said they had no thought of doing so, that the woods belonged to everybody, and that all were welcome to trap where they pleased.

"I'll board with you, boys," the man went on. "The shack's big enough for three, eh?"

"We don't keep boarders," Carl answered.

"No? Tom Pushkin don't care whether you don't or not," and the speaker began to doff his wet boots.

The two boys were surprised at the man's audacity. They had never seen anything to match it.

However, they kept their tempers and permitted him to remain.

When bedtime came the trapper curled up before the fire, and in a short time was fast asleep.

He looked suspicious, and Carl remarked in a whisper to Roger that he must be a spy in the employ of some one. It was resolved to watch him through the night.

In spite of their resolution the boy trappers of the wilderness fell asleep, and in a few hours the cabin was quiet. The fire on the hearth burned low, and the whole room would soon lapse into darkness.

All at once Carl found himself awake.

His first glance was toward the place where Tom Pushkin had deposited himself, but the man was not there. Then the boy looked toward the door and started.

The old trapper was there, with his face pressed close to the wood and his position one of a listener. Carl's hand moved toward a weapon which lay at the head of the cot, and he fell to watching the man.

"I thought so," he silently commented. "The man means mischief; we are in danger again."

Suddenly Pushkin's hand moved toward the barricades and stopped. He seemed to hesitate.

Carl drew the weapon toward him and silently cocked it. He leaned toward the man and spoke in a low voice:

"None of that, sir!"

Pushkin started as if he had been shot at.

"Why not?" said he. "Some one's out there."

"It matters not. You will not open the door."

"But I want to let 'em know that we're on the alert."

Carl left the cot and went over to where Pushkin stood.

"Who's out there?" he asked.

"The Dirty Dozen," was the reply. "Don't I know 'em? I tell you, boy, I know 'em all from Captain Selkirk down."

"And you were going to admit them?"

"Me?" The man stared at Carl. "What! me admit Captain Selkirk and his minions? You don't know Tom Pushkin, boy."

"What have they ever done to you?"

"They burnt me out once," was the grated answer.

Carl looked into the man's face as it showed in the light from the hearth. Was he honest? After all, could Tom Pushkin be trusted?

"I hear nothing," said Carl at last.

"It's still out there just now," said the trapper. "But they're there just the same. Have they warned you?"

"Yes, three times."

"Then comes the deluge," said Pushkin. "They don't know I'm here, unless they trailed me."

The next moment a heavy sound was heard. Something had fallen against the door.

"What did I tell you?" cried Pushkin.

By this time Roger was on his feet and the two boys, with weapons in their hands, stood on the defensive.

"Open the door!" said a loud voice.

Pushkin fell back and picked up his gun.

"Open in the name of the law of the Northwest!" was repeated.

Carl's face lost color and he felt his blood seethe hot through his veins.

"The crisis has come," Pushin said. "The wolves are out there—Captain Selkirk and his gang. Is it to be surrender?"

"Never!" cried Carl and Roger in the same breath. "We've already felt the teeth of the forest ruffians."

"Then you'll fight?" cried the old trapper.

"To the death!" was the reply.

A moment's silence followed the demand to open the door.

"We'll break it in," said the same rough voice. "We're here to carry out our threat. You've been warned."

Roger leaned toward the door and put his face almost against it.

"The door will not be opened!" cried he.

"You don't intend to resist?"

"We shall defend the cabin."

"Hear that boy," said the voice outside. "They're going to put up a fight."

Tom Pushkin had not intimated to the Dirty Dozen that he was in the cabin.

"They don't suspect that I'm here," he said with a grim smile to the young trappers. "They don't dream that you've been reinforced."

Another blow on the door resounded throughout the room.

"We give you five minutes!" said the same voice. "At the end of that time we'll roast you out!"

The faces of the young trappers went pale.

"Do you think they'll fire the cabin?" asked Carl.

"It won't be the first one they've fired," was the reply. "Those men are merciless."

"The voice we've heard does not sound like Captain Selkirk's," Roger said.

"It's the voice of a man just as bad as he," remarked Pushkin.

"I don't doubt it."

"Time's up!" cried the voice outside, and then silence fell upon the scene.

"We can't afford to be burned here like rats in a trap," Carl said. "If it's to be a battle to the death, and that it seems to be, let us open up the ball."

"How?" asked Pushkin.

Carl said nothing, but moved toward the hearth, where he held out his hands and felt the heat.

"There's a way to the roof. We can get there, and, after pouring a volley into the faces of the Dozen, take to the woods."

"That would cost you the cabin, boy."

"Better the cabin than life," was the reply.

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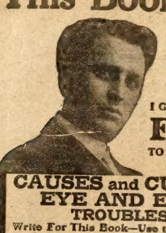

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"I don't like the plan," said the old trapper. "There must be another way."

He took from his pocket a little instrument, which looked not unlike a blow-gun, such as Carl and Roger had seen in one of the great museums.

"This little thing I've used on one occasion," said Pushkin, when he saw the boys looking closely at the strange object. "Long before I broke into the woods I was a sailor among the warm islands in the Southern Pacific. I used to see the natives shoot birds with their blow-guns, and so I made this tiny one for myself."

"It looks harmless," said Roger. "It can't withstand the machinations of such men as those commanded by Captain Selkirk."

"We can try it."

Pushkin leaned toward the fire once more and produced from an inner pocket a little roll of chamois skin. Unrolling it, he displayed half a dozen tiny arrows not much larger than his finger. The boys noticed that they were tipped with a delicate barb, which did not look capable of doing harm.

"Funny little things, eh?" ejaculated Pushkin. "Each one is tipped with wourouli poison, the deadliest agent of death ever used by savage man."

The boys recoiled voluntarily.

The old man fitted one of the arrows in the blow-gun and looked toward the door.

"You've got no keyhole that I can see," he went on. "But here's a knot, the only one in the door. Can't I loosen it?"

"You might," said Carl.

Pushkin took his knife and went noiselessly to work.

"There!" he went on as he rested. "I've got a shooting place at last. Now!"

He inserted one end of the blow-gun into the knothole and put the other end in his mouth.

Carl and Roger waited breathlessly.

"We can't wait another minute," said the rough voice of the foe outside. "It's all up. In a second we'll apply the match."

That moment the dark cheeks of Tom Pushkin puffed out, and then he lowered his novel weapon.

A half-smothered cry was heard.

"It was a hit!" grimly exclaimed Pushkin as he glanced at the silent boys.

It was evident that something had happened outside the cabin.

There was a good deal of commotion and subdued voices.

"What's the matter? Is Dick mad?" said some one.

A groan followed.

Pushkin fitted another deadly barb to the blow-gun and sent the messenger forth.

"I'm hit—with something!" cried a voice. "By Jove! it's an arrow."

"Indians in there," was the response, and all the while the face of the old trapper was aglow with triumph.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BLACK PELT AGAIN.

The following moment a flash of light entered the cabin from the rear.

"They've fired the shack, sure enough!" cried the old trapper. "It's the chimney now."

All three fell back.

"Wait!" said Pushkin. "One more shot."

He ran back to the door, and inserting his deadly weapon once more in the knothole, sent another barb into the amazed mass beyond the portal.

There was another cry and some one fell against the planks.

"They're paralyzed," said he, as he came back to the boys. "It's now or never!"

Getting up the roughly-plastered chimney was not difficult. First went Roger, followed by Tom, and Pushkin "covered the retreat" as he laughingly remarked. In a moment all three were on the roof of the cabin.

It was not a dangerous drop to the ground. As all three touched terra firma they cast a look back at the cabin and saw the fire which had been lighted. They had the structure between them and the outlaws, and in the light of the fire looked into each other's faces.

"Quick!" cried Pushkin. "No time is to be lost. We'll surprise the wilderness wolves some other time."

The forest that stretched to the river lay before the three. They ran forward and soon reached the shimmering waters of the stream.

The increasing light showed them a group of figures some distance from the cabin.

At this juncture a shot rang out, and one of the men was seen to topple and fall.

"Another ally," remarked Carl Main.

"And an unexpected one, no doubt," said Pushkin. "We can't waste time in this neck of the woods."

Half an hour later the three stood in a little space of woodland more than two miles from the burning cabin.

There they remained till the light fell and the whole forest was once more shrouded in gloom. Pushkin's face was a study. He looked at the boys and faintly smiled.

"You didn't think much of Tom Pushkin when he came?" he said. "I don't blame you. I'm no Apollo, and you no doubt thought I was some man as bad as the captain of the Dirty Dozen."

"I did suspicion you," admitted Carl, calmly. "If you will receive an apology——"

"Don't mention it, boy," broke in the old fellow. "I'm harmless except when I run across such a precious set of rascals like the Dirty Dozen. Which way?"

Carl and Roger shook their heads.

"Where were your furs kept?" the old man asked.

"In a strong box underneath the floor," said Roger.

"They're safe, then. The ruffians won't look there for them. Why not take the back track?"

The little party retraced their steps and cautiously approached the smoking ruins.

"There's a man yonder," suddenly exclaimed Pushkin, throwing his rifle to his shoulder.

"Don't!" cried Carl placing his hand on the trapper's arm. "It's Wilhide."

"Who's Wilhide?"

"The nemesis of Captain Selkirk—the man who has traced him halfway across the continent."

"What for?"

"For ten thousand dollars that Uncle Sam offers for his apprehension."

"Well, that beats my time all holler," said the old man. "Is he worth it—Captain Selkirk, I mean?"

"To Uncle Sam, yes."

Old Pushkin fell into a deep study.

For some time the figure in the dying light was distinguishable, and then it suddenly vanished.

"He's gone now. We can also go," said the trapper.

It was not far from daylight when a rap sounded on the door of the Shanks cabin.

Tobias Shanks looked out and demanded to know who was there.

"'Tis two homeless trappers," answered Carl with a doleful smile. "We've had an encounter with the Dirty Dozen?"

"An' they roasted you out?" grinned Shanks. "I thought they'd git you sometime."

He held the door open, and the boys filed into the lone cabin.

"You're welcome to what we've got as long as you choose to stay," the old settler said in kindly tones. "They're a rescally set, those wolves of the forest. I'll tell the story of their onslaught tomorrow in Rosebud."

"Tell it not," said Roger. "Let the Dirty Dozen believes for awhile that they accomplished their purpose. When we are ready to turn the tables on the ruffians we'll let them know that we're very much alive."

Another night was falling when a youth, who did not look like Roger Roderick, rode into Rosebud.

The boy alighted at the first store and entered. No one recognized him.

A group of men sat before the fire and the boy ran over them with a scrutinizing look.

He leaned on the counter while he made a few purchases and when he had finished he turned toward the group.

"I came by a burned cabin on the way down," said he.

"Whar?" asked one of the men.

"Up on Crow Wing River."

"I'll bet the Dirty Dozen have been at work again," the man replied. "How long is this to be?"

"As long as you men of Minnesota permit it," said Roger, boiling with indignation.

At this, a tall man arose from his seat, and, advancing toward Roger, touched him on the arm.

"Whar are you from?" he asked.

"From the South Fork."

"What do you know about the burning of the cabin in the woods?"

Roger did not speak, for among the men he saw one watching him like a hawk.

"Well, never mind," said the man. "One o' these days Captain Selkirk will get his dues," and with this he went back to his seat by the fire.

Roger went out and paused in front of the store. The night was a beautiful one. The heavens were studded with stars and a cool wind blew from the nearest trees.

Suddenly a footstep sounded on the boy's ears.

He turned quickly and confronted the man who had watched him so closely in the store.

"Come with me," he said in hurried and commanding tones as his hand fell upon Roger's arm.

Twenty yards away the man paused and looked into the young trapper's face.

"I know you!" he said.

That instant Roger recognized the voice. The man was Wilhide, the detective.

"They didn't get you?" said the officer. "I thought they did when I saw the ruins of your cabin. Do you know what has happened here today?"

The astonished Roger shook his head.

"A black fox pelt came into town."

Roger felt his heart leap into his throat.

"Who brought it?" he exclaimed.

"A boy called Jackstraw."

"Our friend Jackstraw!" cried the youth. "Where is he?"

Wilhide shook his head.

"Where the boy is I don't know, but the pelt is still in Rosebud," he said.

"Where?"

"Come with me," and Wilhide walked off.

Pausing before one of the houses, he rapped on the door and both were admitted. A woman greeted them.

"Let me see the black pelt," said the detective.

The woman opened a heavy chest in one corner of the room and drew forth the precious fur.

"That's it!" cried Roger at sight of the pelt.

He would have taken it in his hands, but the woman drew back.

"I promised Jackstraw to let no one have it," she cried. "Where he got it I do not know, for he did not say."

"But it's ours," persisted Roger. "This man knows that."

Aaron Wilhide nodded, but said nothing.

"It's safe here," he said at last to Roger. "It will never fall back into Captain Selkirk's hands."

Beyond the door of the house Wilhide leaned toward the young trapper and said, in low tones:

"I'm closing in on Israel Potts. The man is almost in my hands. The man who spoke to you in the store belongs to the Dirty Dozen. He is playing spy in Rosebud."

"Think you he recognized me?" asked Roger quickly.

"I am confident he did not. But you are not safe in Rosebud just now."

Roger held out his hand.

"I'll go back," said he. "I wish you'd let us—Carl and I—pay Captain Selkirk back for the burning of our wilderness home."

"I can't think of it, boy. I want that ten thousand."

Roger looked at Wilhide and swallowed hard.

"I warn you now, sir," he said, "that you must look well to your laurels. If we get a chance at that ruffian you may lose the reward."

With this he turned on his heel and walked away.

He was in the act of vaulting into the frontier saddle to return to the cabin where he had left Carl, when a hand was laid on his shoulder.

He looked into the face of the spy of the Dirty Dozen, but at the same time he saw more.

The muzzle of a revolver was thrust into his very face, and over the barrel came a

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voice that drove a chill of horror straight to his heart.

"From the South Fork, eh?" hissed the man. "That story won't go down. You're one of the young rats that inhabited the cabin on Crow Wing River."

Roger Roderick saw death in the mouth of the revolver. He felt that he had fallen into a trap of his own making, and in the eyes of the outlaw captain's spy he saw no mercy.

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Grace Lanyon's Betrayal.

(Continued from page five.)

"A bargain is a bargain, young lady. I'm paid more than agreed, and—don't worry, I'll forget all about my fare the minute I get out of sight of this house."

"Thank you," murmured Grace tremulously. "You have done no wrong in helping me. On the contrary, you have aided in righting a great wrong."

"I believe you, and I hope so, and am glad of it," responded the cabman heartily.

When Grace ascended the stairs, Vassar made sure that the street door was locked. He was alive with animation and excitement. He scarcely allowed Grace time to remove her wraps, so anxious was he to question her.

Grace narrated in precise detail all of the sensational events of the evening. With sparkling eyes, Vassar listened intently to her every word.

"It is remarkable," he commended, when she had finished her graphic recital. "You are a brave girl, my dear. With one stroke of courage and genius you have solved an enigma over which we have puzzled for weeks."

"And now?" inquired Grace anxiously.

"Now," repeated Vassar, with glowing eyes, "the climax. I wish you to take a note for me to a friend. I would send Basil, but he is not accustomed to city ways."

"I will go gladly," said Grace.

"Then rest yourself until I write the note," spoke Vassar. "I wish to act without delay in regard to this man Cardona. I feel positive that within the next few hours he will have disclosed information that will put all of our plans near to the culminating point."

Grace was glad to rest and quiet her mind after the ordeal of the vivid evening. With great satisfaction she glanced through a doorway into the sittingroom, where Eva was reading a book of poems to the nurse and Basil in her low, sweet voice. The young artist sat enrapt, a soul of devotion in his clear boyish eyes, and the picture was one of serenity and comfort, that for a moment quieted the storm of excitement and anxiety that swept over the heart of Grace Lanyon.

She could not, however, forget for an instant that her one sole purpose in life now was to discover the fate of Shirley Moore. Naturally she was interested in disclosures that might assist the Prince Zimene in his efforts to regain the lost crown of Avillo, but her own ardent interests obscured that.

"Shirley—my lost darling!" she whispered ardently to herself. "Oh, I must know your fate, living or dead, or my heart will break with this torturing uncertainty."

It was fully half an hour before Vassar returned to her from the top floor of the house. He handed her a sealed envelope.

"You are to go to Godfrey Stein, the money lender," he directed. "You know the place?"

"Yes," assented Grace.

"He will give you a verbal reply to my note," said Vassar. "Hasten back with it."

"The man, Cardona?" inquired Grace anxiously, "is he seriously hurt?"

"Not at all," answered Vassar. "He was stunned by a severe blow, and his drunken stupor aided his insensibility. Within an hour I shall have revived him. Within an hour he will have revealed the secrets demanded by Prince Zimene, or he will face his fate."

Grace looked up pleadingly into the eyes of her old friend and protector. She asked a mute question, and he understood her.

"Have no fear, my good lady," he said, with a gentle, reassuring gesture, "I have your interests always at heart. Within an hour Cardona shall tell what he has done with the missing heir to Heart's Content—Shirley Moore."

This story will be continued in next week's Ledger. If you like the Ledger, and we feel sure you do, we would like to have you send in a subscription and take it regularly. A great many thrilling and unusual stories will appear in it during the coming year. You will find it a weekly treat, hence you had better send in your subscription now. Let us hear from you.

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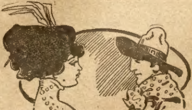

Miss East—Isn't your calling very dangerous?

Cowboy—No'm; there ain't an unmarried gal within fifty miles of the Bar X ranch.

A Prudent Boy.

First Kid—Does yer ma cut yer hair?

Second ditto—A ledy cut me hair? Nit. Look what happened to Samson!

The Black Phantom.

(Continued from page eleven.)

had caused the Indians to look upon him as a supernatural being whom they dared not molest, they made the return journey, skirting the village and the glade where the trained horse had pranced so many times for the furtherance of his master's scheme, but going much faster now, than when the eyes of the Indians were upon him. However, it was late when they rode into the cave in the mountain side, which the hermit knew how to make secure from all intrusion.

But it was time he hastened to the rescue of the emigrants; for it had taken him longer to make the journey and return with Bessie than he had figured on. He must make haste now if he wishes to save them.

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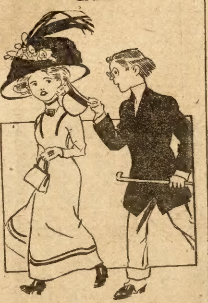
Cruel.



Jenks—Hello, Miss Oldun! Do you remember what a fool I made of myself a few summers ago at Sea Beach?

Miss Oldun—Yes, and I can't see that you have changed any.

His Noble Sacrifice.

Giroux—I thought you told me that the engagement between Koiner's daughter and that impoverished duke was a true love match.

Mrs. Giroux—I did tell you, and I was right."

Giroux—Nonsense! Don't you know that the duke broke off the engagement just as soon as he heard Koiner had lost everything in Wall street.

Mrs. Giroux—Oh, yes, I know all about that. But do you know why he broke off the engagement? No, of course you don't. But I know why; he told me with his own lips; he broke off because he couldn't bear to have a girl he loved so devotedly married to a poor man.

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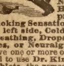

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Send us your remittance for any one of the above offers which we will at once ship by Express with the distinct understanding that you have the privilege to test the whiskey anyway you like and should it not prove satisfactory and the best whiskey bargain you ever heard of, just send it back and we will at once send you your money back. Our whiskies create by their absolute merit regular satisfied year in and year out customers. We absolutely lose not one cent less than One Dollar on each and every order we fill from this advertising at above prices, because we want you to know that there is a difference and an immediately perceptible difference in the taste between our Straight Whiskies and the Blended, adulterated compounds and mixtures, and we know the only way you ever will realize the difference is by the actual taste—that's why and no other reason in the world would cause us to take a loss of $1.00 per order. Address all orders to

JOHN SIMPSON CO., Dept. 57 Kansas City, Mo.

Complete Price List of Wines and Whiskies sent free upon request.

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

RONDEL.

(The rondel is an old form of verse which the French minstrels of the middle ages were fond of using.)

In it what magic lies—
  The page for girls and boys!
Here a frail fairy flies,
  And there speak lifeless toys.

To teach me, too, it tries,
  And the dull hour alloys;
In it what magic lies—
  The page for girls and boys!

Old friends in modern guise
  It shows me, and employs
Word-wings on which I rise
  To taste of travel's joys;
In it what magic lies—
  The page for girls and boys!

Could Not Break Away.

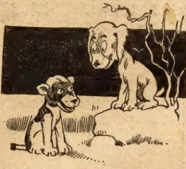
"I hear that old Mr. Tee is so wrapped up in golf he doesn't take time to eat."

"I should say so. Why, he is chained to the game."

"Chained! In what way?"

"Link by Link."

In Dogville.



Hungry Hector—Dat Frayed Fido is de lazy dog.

Ragged Rover—He sure is. He's too lazy to scratch. He jest crawls into de chicken yard an' covers himself wit' dead leaves an' den waits fer de hens to come an' scratch him.

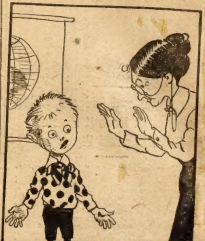
A COMPLAINT.

There goes the sun to bed,
Old sleepy head!
Doesn't he know
There's lovely snow
And how my sled can go?
I'm just sure—about—
That mother'll find out,
And then you'll hear her say,
"Come in, Ted, right away
And put away your sleigh."
And then 'twill be,
"The sun has gone to bed
And so must Ted."
And it's just an hour ago,
It seems just so—
That mother said
"Now, Ted, you've got all day
To run and play."
I almost know
Because there's lovely snow
That lazy head
Will stay in bed
The whole long night
And not get up till broad daylight.

Homonyms.

In this game two persons are sent from the room and they select two words which are pronounced alike but have different meanings, such BEAR-BARE, SEA-SEE, etc. Suppose they settle upon words Bear and Bare; then they re-enter the room and one says, thinking of BEAR, "it has a thick coat;" the other says, thinking of BARE, "it has no coat at all." Then they continue to contradict each other, telling the truth about his own word, until the players guess what the word is. The first one guessing must choose his partner and leave the room to think up another homonym, and the game is repeated till the children want to play something else.

Mere Contact.



Teacher—But, Johnny, what do you mean by coming to school with such filthy hands?

Johnny—Aw, I got 'em dirty washin' me face.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

"Papa," said small Johnny, "if you and I were the same size, would you say and do the things to me that make me fighting mad?"

—

Mamma—But didn't your conscience tel' you that you were doing wrong?

Little Howard—Yes; but papa told me I shouldn't believe all I was told.

—

Teacher—Name the three personal pronouns, Bobby.

Bobby—He, she and it.

Teacher—To what do they apply?

Bobby—Husband, wife and baby.

—

"Now, Elmer," said the teacher to a small pupil, "the eyes enable us to see. Can you tell me what the nose is for?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Elmer. "It's for eyeglasses to roost on."

—

The mother of Anna, aged 3, hearing but not seeing her, called, "Anna, what are you doing?"

Anna came running into view and responded sweetly, "Not anything; do you want me to quit it?"

—

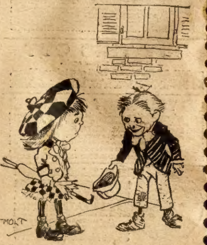
Small Eva saw a man with only one arm. Remembering her experience with one of her dolls, Eva said: "Oh, mamma, look at that poor man! The sawdust has all run out of one of his arms!"

—

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher of the juvenile class to a small pupil, "anonymous means without a name. Can you give me an example?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Johnny, promptly. "The baby that arrived at our house yesterday is anonymous."

Didn't Know Her Either.



The Lady—But I don't know you, sir.

The Beau—Well, I'm takin' as much chances as you are.

A Dancing Egg.

To execute this little experiment you need a hard-boiled egg and a smooth china plate. To be sure that the experiment is going to be successful, keep the egg in a perpendicular position while it is being boiled.

Place the plate upside down on the table, to be able to catch it quickly with your hand. Place the egg in the center of the plate and, putting the thumb of the left hand and the index finger of the right hand on both ends of the egg, give it a sudden twirl, causing it to turn around in quick motion. The egg will gradually stand on one end; then you pick up the plate and all you have to do is to keep the egg in motion, which is not difficult.

A Girl-Dreamer.

The young daughter of a farmer living near Medina, Ohio, awoke from her sleep at midnight a few nights ago to tell her father that she had dreamed of a man coming to steal the horse from the barn. The father hustled on his clothes and went out just in time to catch a horse-thief prying the lock off the barn door and drive him off. Those sort of dreams are worth dreaming.

You get the 25 lb. Pail of Stock Tonic Free whether you enter Prize contest or not.

You also get Free the picture of World's Champion Six-horse Team for simply mailing us the coupon

$1000.00 In Gold

Given Away in Prizes

ALSO A

$3.50 Pail of Wilbur's Stock Tonic Absolutely Free

WHERE WE HAVE NO AGENT, TO EVERY PERSON SENDING US THE ATTACHED COUPON, OR WHO WRITES US THE INFORMATION ASKED FOR IN THE COUPON.

We have deposited One Thousand Dollars ($1,000) in Gold with the FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF MILWAUKEE. This $1000.00 will be given away in prizes in the most original prize contest ever conducted. See list of cash prizes below.

This $1,000.00 prize contest is open to every person who writes us the information, asked for in the coupon, or who fills out and sends us the coupon.

The details of the contest will be sent at once. We Will also send a beautiful and valuable picture, no matter whether you enter the cash prize contest or not.

Remember, you receive this handsome picture at once absolutely free, and besides may win the first prize of Five Hundred Dollars in Gold.

Remember, too, that it requires no special knowledge to compete for this great prize. Any one in the family can compete—Father, Mother, Boy or Girl—or all of them together.

It will require only a few minutes of anybody's time. No canvassing or selling goods is required, just a few minutes work in the evening or at any spare time. The cash prizes are:

1 First Prize	$500.00 cash
1 Second Prize	100.00 cash
1 Third Prize	50.00 cash
4 Prizes, $25.00 each	100.00 cash
10 Prizes, 10.00 each	100.00 cash
10 Prizes, 5.00 each	50.00 cash
100 Prizes, 1.00 each	100.00 cash
127 Prizes	$1000.00 cash

Think What Could be Done With That Extra $500.00

It would build a comfortable addition to the house. It would furnish your home complete. It would build a granary or an extension to the barns. It would give a young person a business education, or go a long way towards completing a college course.

It would pay for a trip to Europe or an extensive journey through America.

If it were required for no other use, it would start or increase a bank account very nicely.

You will surely decide that it is worth trying for when you consider that the trial costs nothing. Besides you receive a valuable present if you will simply write us or

SEND THE COUPON

Better do it now while you have it in mind. Some one is going to get the $500.00, and every one who writes or sends the coupon is sure of the picture FREE of cost.

We don't have to tell people any more how good Wilbur's Stock Tonic is. Its place is established among the farmers and feeders of the country. Those who have tested it accept its saving in feeds and the improved condition of live stock as a matter of course and order it regularly. Those who make the first trial are surprised at the results as they do not at first realize how a small amount of Wilbur's Stock Tonic can bring such results.

The secret of it is very simple. Under ordinary conditions there is a large waste of the nutrient element of feed. A right tonic increases the powers of digestion and assimilation and enables the animal to get all there is from the feed besides increasing the appetite. With the dairy cow the milk-producing feed is all assimilated and converted into milk when the digestive functions are kept in perfect condition. With horses it regulates the bowels, softens the stomach, purifies the blood and fills the animal with vitality and action. For mares with foal it acts as a wonderful tonic and invigorator. For raising colts to strong, healthy animals, it has no equal. With steers and hogs the fattening elements of feeds are all appropriated, with fowls the full complement of feed is turned into eggs.

Wilbur's Stock Tonic

is simply nature's corrective elements, that maintain perfect health and condition, give relish to the feeds and aid in digestion, as do the grasses and herbs in the green pastures. It not only increases the efficiency of feeds, but it fortifies live stock against disease and saves veterinary bills and loss of profits and of time.

Send today for the FREE PAIL, the particulars of our $1,000 prize contest and the beautiful 8 color picture.

Our References—First National Bank, Milwaukee, or any other bank in America; any Commercial Agency in America; any Agricultural Journal in America.

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775 Huron St.
Milwaukee, Wis.

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Milwaukee, Wis.

Gentlemen: Please send me the 25-lb. Pail of WILBUR'S STOCK TONIC absolutely FREE also the FREE PICTURE and the particulars of your $1,000 CASH PRIZE CONTEST

Name..............................

P.O...................................

Freight Station.......................

State.................................

Kindly fill in here the number of live stock you own:

............Hogs..........Cattle..........Horses

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Awarded 10 First Prizes, World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904.
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